

THE
PRODIGAL:
OR,
RECRUITS
for the QUEEN of Hungary.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
NEW THEATRE *in the* Hay-market.

Thadwell (T.) K-



L O N D O N:

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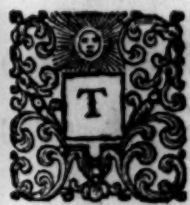
To the Right Honourable

C H A R L E S

Earl of MIDDLESEX, &c.

One of the LORDS COMMISSIONERS of
His Majesty's Treasury, and Knight of
the Shire for the County of *Sussex*.

MY LORD,



THE PRODIGAL, which
derives its Origin from the
Woman-Captain of Shad-
well, with such Alterations, as, I

DEDICATION.

flatter myself, have improv'd the Play, is most humbly dedicated to Your LORDSHIP, and begs Your Protection. I confess, my being intirely unknown to You, is a Circumstance that stands in Need of all the Candour you inherit from your Illustrious Progenitors: But where, alas! can the Muses fly for Protection, when Wit and Learning are so apparently in their Decline, and when Farce and Faction have so generally engag'd the Attention of the Publick, unless to a Nobleman descended from the finest Writer in our own Language, and the greatest *Mæcenas* of the Age he liv'd in; and One, who, like Your LORDSHIP, has so greatly

DEDICATION.

greatly distinguish'd your own Taste of the Politer Arts, and so generously supported them!

My LORD, I beg Leave further to add, that Mr. *Shadwell*, from whom this Piece is alter'd, was long honour'd with the Great Earl of DORSET's Favour, was securely shelter'd under His Protection, and infinitely more valued His Approbation, than the loud Applauses of a Theatre: And, had he liv'd to this Day to have produced any new Piece, or alter'd any of his former Plays, he wou'd, most certainly, have pleaded an Hereditary Claim to Your LORDSHIP's Patronage.

My

DEDICATION.

MY LORD, permit me then,
on Revival of his Pretensions, to
implore Your Protection and For-
giveness, and to Declare myself,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's

most dutiful,

and most obedient

humble Servant,

THOMAS ODELL.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. C I B B E R.

IN *Ages past, e'er Fashion led astray,
A Poet wou'd put Sense into his Play:
With Wit wou'd point, with Humour edge his Satire,
And oft made bold Essays to copy Nature;
Good moral Strokes, they found, still make their Way,
In spite of all the Criticks e'er cou'd say,
Nor check'd their tow'ring Force, nor dim'd that Wit
They with Profusion dealt through all they writ.
A Laureat Great Shadwell thus became,
And thus a darling Wit then sung his Name.*

*" Shadwell's unfinish'd Works do yet impart
" Great Proofs of Force of Nature, none of Art;
" He scorn'd to varnish his good Touches o'er,
" To make the Fools and Women praise him more."*

*And yet, what he, secure of Fame, might scorn,
(As setting well, doth finest Gems adorn)
Our Bard To-night, but with a trembling Heart,
One Play has ventur'd to reduce to Art;
New plant the Fable, and the Plot refin'd,
Whence strikes the instructive Moral to the Mind.*

*Sirs, as the Woman-Captain heretofore,
Has, with Applause, been acted o'er and o'er,
For this, our Prodigious thence ta'en, we pray
Your kind Indulgence, as old Shadwell's Play;
His Wit still stands in Force, his Humour free,
And thence our Bard most humbly begs, by me,
That you'll not damn him now for Regularity.*

D R A.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir Anthony Wildwit, <i>an extravagant,</i>	}	Mr. Mills.
<i>luxurious Knight,</i>		
Gayly, }	}	Mr. Naylor.
Freeman, }		
<i>his two Friends,</i>		Mr. Mozeen.
Scrape, <i>a miserable Wretch, jealous of</i>	}	Mr. Paget.
<i>his Wife,</i>		
Timothy, <i>his Servant,</i>		Mr. Hacket.
Sir Toby Riot, <i>a debauch'd Knight,</i>		Mr. Bernard.
Bounce, }	}	Mr. Paddick.
Bluster, }		
<i>two Bullies, his Followers,</i>		Mr. Hotham.
Sir Nicholas Spottey, <i>a sneaking Culley,</i>		Mr. Cibber.
<i>Steward to Sir Anthony,</i>		Mr. Furnival.
<i>Fool,</i>		Miss Charke.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Scrape, <i>Wife to Scrape,</i>	Mrs. Mills.
Harriot, <i>Mistress to Sir Anthony,</i>	Mrs. Chetwood.
Isabella, <i>Mistress to Sir Toby,</i>	Mrs. George.
Charlotte, <i>Mistress to Sir Nicholas,</i>	Mrs. Freeman.
<i>Serjeant,</i>	Mrs. Hill.

Bawd, High-Constable, Constables, Watch, Servants,
Market-Women, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, LONDON. TIME, One Day.

T H E



THE
P R O D I G A L:
O R,

Recruits for the Queen of Hungary.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, A PARLOUR.

*Present Sir Anthony Wildwit dressing, Steward and Fool,
with a Number of old Servants.*

I SERVANT.



GOOD, your Worship! turn us not away! I
lived with my old Master thirty Years and
upwards.

2 *Serv.* And I Fifty.

Sir Ant. Yes, he loved an old-fashioned,
block-headed, greasy Servingman, whose Cloaths were
dy'd with Drippings of *March Beer*, and whose Beard
stunk of Beef and Brewis, and his Breath like the Fume
of an Alms-Tub.

B

3 *Serv.*

3 *Serv.* We are all old, have lived a long time here.

Sir Ant. The more Reason ye should go now; you are purfy, lazy, clumsy Rogues; the Time my Father's Will required me to keep you is out. This is my happy Day of Four-and-twenty; and, for three Years past, my Estate was but an Incumbrance to me with such Servants, but now I will be my own Master.

Stew. In Truth, your Worship has already master'd good Part of that Incumbrance, your Estate's not like to trouble you long. [*Aside.*]

Sir Ant. What's that you mutter, Rascal? They shall all go; I have provided a Set of *French* Fellows to serve me, they are fit for Service.

Stew. For Slavery, I confess; they are born and bred to it; But it was never good Times since *English* Fools were sent abroad to learn to live at home, bred Fops, and serv'd by *French* Poltrons. [*Aside.*]

Fool. I was in hopes that robbing, murdering, and burning of their Houses, wou'd have cur'd them. [*Aside.*]

Stew. No, they are too callous; they've imbib'd too much *French* Vanity, nothing can convince them under a Cudgel; Reasons and Examples are to no manner of Purpose.

Sir Ant. What's that you are prating about, hey! *Dubois!* give them forty Shillings a-piece, and send them packing.

Servants. Good Sir, we beseech your Worship——

Dub. Wait without!

[*Exit all but Steward and Fool, Sir Anthony and Valet de Chambre.*]

Sir Ant. How now! why stays the Fool?

Fool. Because he has more Wit than to go away.

Sir Ant. Sirrah, be gone; I will not keep you.——

Fool. Some-body, I see, has used wicked Court-Policy to supplant me in my Employment.

Sir Ant. I'll keep no Fools, 'tis out of Fashion for great Men to keep Fools.

Fool.

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Fool. Because now-a-days they are their own Fools, and to save Charges; but for all that, they delight in Fools, out of Livery. When do you see any of them favour a Wit?

Sir Ant. I'll have none, 'tis exploded even upon the Stage.

Fool. But for all that, *Shakespear's* Fools had more Wit than any of the Wits and Criticks now-a-days. Well, if the History of Fools were written, the whole Kingdom would not contain the Library; yet a vast Number of them have been in Print, and written their own Histories.

Sir Ant. You are a fatirical Fool, and will give Offence.

Fool. Indeed this Age is not able to bear Satire; and yet 'tis a very laughing, jeering Age; all Fools laugh at one another, and scarce any one is such a Fool but he hath a Sub-Fool that he can laugh at.

Sir Ant. Be gone, Sirrah! I'll have no fooling.

Fool. Good Sir, I'll be a fashionable Fool, learn to lisp, speak *French*, wear a Bag, and be very affected. I'll be a well-bred Fool, a Flatterer, or a Pimp; if you please, you may turn away a Knave or a Chaplain for me.

Sir Ant. Who waits there? Take away the Fool. —
[*They thrust him out.*] Well, Steward, upon Condition you leave off your miserable Advice, and follow my Instructions, I'll receive you again.

Stew. Since it must be so, I'll endeavour to obey you in all.

Sir Ant. Put some Pulvilio in my Peruke; give me some Tuberosé. You old Fool, reach me some Orange-water for my Handkerchief. How do you like this?

Stew. I dare not tell you.

Sir Ant. I'll give you leave.

Stew. Methinks it is unmanly to keep such a Stir about one's Body; I had rather be embalm'd like an *Egyptian* Mummy, once for all, and make no more trouble on't.

Sir Ant. Thou dost not consider what a stinking Animal Man is, exceeding all Beasts in stinking; and would'st thou not have one mollify these natural Imperfections?

Stew. I would have your Worship wash and shift every Day, and be cleanly, and serve Heaven, as my old Master did, and consider a little —

Sir Ant. Yes, Fool, I do nothing but consider how I may gratify all my Senses; they were not given me in Vain; no, all my Study is bent to find Variety of Delights; and when my own too barren Fancy stops, I'll have a Council wittier than *Nero's* to invent new Pleasures.

Enter to them Gayly and Wilding.

Gayly. Good-morrow to my Lord of Land-Timber! Long may'st thou live and flourish in thy Pleasures. This happier Day than That which made thee Master of thy Acres, now makes thee Master of thyself.

Free. A thousand Joys fall on you! The Slavery endured under your wretched Father, and since from the Servants you have discarded, will make you relish the Liberty you arrive at.

Sir Ant. Yes, and I'll use it to the full, nor Land nor Sea shall bound my Pleasures. — Whate'er the Globe affords shall serve my Luxury.

Gayly. Virtuously resolved!

Free. Joy of my Heart! Go on.

Stew. Excellent Counsellors, to confound the Residue of his Estate. [*Aside.*

Sir Ant. I married one young fond Fool, and broke her Heart already; now I keep a Mistress; I must have Whores —

Stew. Yes, all the Parish, from Fifteen to Five-and-thirty. [*Aside.*

Sir Ant. You that were my Father's good old Steward, and are my formal Coxcomb: I have taken a new Course, and so must you: I'll not be serv'd so nastily as the three Years past, and as my Father was; as if his Meat had been

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been dress'd at Pye-corner, his Mutton boil'd with a Sprig of Rosemary and Oatmeal Pottage.

Free. Or roasted, as if prescrib'd, for the Foul Disease.

Gayly. And wither'd Sallets, Crab-apples, Sweetings, and Horse-plumbs; then for Confections, a few Carraways in a small Saucer; and for Pickles, three or four monstrous Olives, and a Spoonful of damnable sharp Capers.

Stew. These Things my good old Master was pleas'd with, or he had not left my present Master so rich.

Sir Ant. He did well, and I will revel now with what is left. Choak not me with your Providence, with a Pox to you!

Gayly. Wou'd you feed your Master like a Country Squire of Three Hundred a Year, that has no Gusto?

Free. Or like a ravenous Lawyer in *Ram-Alley*? Or your famish'd Attorneys breaking their Fast in *Thieving-Lane* the first Day of Term?

Stew. Be pleas'd to instruct me, and I shall obey.

Sir Ant. My chief Cook has a Book drawn up by these Gentlemen and myself. Read, and be learned — there you will find what is in Season still. — The youngest Meat always most nourishing. — The new-fall'n Lamb, the tender Kid, and young fat Pigs. Veals fed with Milk, White-bread, and new-laid Eggs; with young fat Beefs, and smallest Forest-Mutton; fat Bucks for Summer; barren Does for Winter.

Free. Fawns out of their Dams' Bellies ript; gelt Goats, bruised Venison, sucking Rabbits, Leverets, Dowcets, Whitahaws, Velvet Head-and-Ears, Shoulders of Venison in the Kell with Blood.

Gayly. Turkeys, Pea-Hens, Pullets, Capons, Ducks, Ducklings, Geese, Squab Pigeons, Chickens, Swans, and Barn-door Hens — with cluster'd Eggs that are provocative.

Sir Ant. The young plump Partridge, with the tender Powt; the Pheasant and the Quail, the Rail and Plover, roasted with the Blood in 'em.

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Free. The mounting Lark, the Messenger of Day; the long-bill'd Cock, that Winter brings in Mists; with Snipe, Duck, Teal, the Curlew and the Wild-Goose; the Brant-good, the Solon Goose, the Puffin.

Gayly. Young Rooks and new-hatch'd Martins; the Black-bird, Felfare, Thrush, and Wheat-Ear; which far excels the *Roman Becafica*.

Sir Ant. *Lincolnshire* Fowl, that's fatted with sweet Curds, as Pewits, Dottrils, Gulls, Knats, Ruffs and Reeves; all these you must provide.

Stew. All this shall be done, and your Worship undone.

Sir Ant. And then for Fish, what the vast Seas afford, Ponds, immense Lakes, and Rivers too: Bret, Mullet, Turbet, Smelts, Place, Scate, Cod, Whiting; and the old organ Ling with gold Flakes; with heightening Sturgeon to stir up the Blood; provoking Oysters, and the lusty Lobster; Crabs, Shrimps, Crawfish, Potage; Cockles, and dissolved Pearl, and Amber in my Sauce.

Free. The luscious Eel, the Trout, Char, Tench, calver'd Salmon; and, from the Ponds, overgrown Pikes, Carps, Breams, Torcells; with *German* Fish as fat as Bucks in *August*.

Sir Ant. And, when I'd cocker up myself, Lambstones, Bucks, Dowcets, Sparrows, Brains, the Spawn of Fish, Flakes of butter'd Eggs with Ambergrease. And, when my Taste grows wanton, I'll feed on Mushrooms and Frogs, and large *Italian* Snails.

Stew. I shou'd have taken some of these hard Words for conjuring; but why must your Worship have *French* Cooks? Methinks our Cook-maid, with good Store of Parsly and Butter, will out-do the best of 'em; and for Cleanliness there's no Comparison.

All. Hah! ha, ha, ha! Cleanliness, you Sot!

Stew. It's a fundamental Article in Cookery, I'm sure; but *France* has this left for Universal Monarchy, should her Arms fail her; for, besides having a Spy in every House,

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House, she can poison all her Enemies in a Day, thank her Folly —

Sir Ant. Away, you Coxcomb; be it your Care likewise to keep my Cellars always full, as now.

Stew. My old Master's Merchant has now a choice Parcel of *Langoon* and *Bourdeaux*.

Sir Ant. Porters and Carriers shall drink that: I'll have *Vin d'Aye*, *High-country Wine*, *Frontinac*; all the delicious Wines of *Italy* and *Spain*; the richer Wines of *Greece* and *Sicily*.

Gayly. And *Celery*, *Champaigne*, and *Burgundy*; with *Vin de Beaune*, *Vin Celestine*, and *Hermitage*; and all the Wines upon the fruitful *Rhine*.

Sir Ant. When I debauch, the Yeoman of my Wine-cellar, shall, drest like *Bacchus*, squeeze his twined Wreaths of Grapes upon us — And we have Floods of this poetick Juice. But, do you hear, *Steward*, I must have Whores in Abundance; see you provide a World of Strumpets.

Stew. Does not your Worship mistake me? I am your Steward.

Sir Ant. Yes, to provide all Things necessary; and are any Things so necessary as Whores? I say, let us have Whores innumerable; and let it be your special Care that every Gentleman, that comes within these Walls, may have his *Chere entiere*.

Stew. Your Worship has a Mistress, I dare not call her Whore. [Aside.

Sir Ant. I keep one high because it is the Fashion; but, for my Use, I'll have as many Whores as mortal Man can turn himself to.

Free. Live, live! my noble Knight and be immortal—

Gayly. Push Nature on, my Friend, and live a-pace.

Stew. He'll soon be at his Journey's End, and the chief Material for all this Profusion is wanting, ready Money.

Sir. Ant. Is it so? Go to *Gripe* then, my foolish Kinsman the Usurer, that is such an Ass to deny all his

Senses and live miserable to die rich: Take up ten thousand Pound, and let him have a Mortgage till I cut down some Timber to redeem my Dirt.

[Exit Steward.

Gayly. This damn'd Usurer has a pretty Wife, I have a devilish Mind to her; but she is kept so close, tho' I have gone to borrow Money when I had no Need on't, I could not get Access to her. The Rogue suspects every Male, from a Prince to a Kitchen-Boy.

Sir Ant. She's so pretty, on my Conscience, none would refuse her; I have set Snares for her but she is not to be seen, only out of a Window which is no bigger than the Hole of a Pillory.

Free. He locks her up and always carries the Key about him.

Sir Ant. Nay, at Night he sews his Shirt and her Shift together; that's a horn-preventing Design.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. And please your Worship, yonder is a reverend fat old Gentlewoman desires to be admitted.

Sir Ant. Bring her in, a Bawd, I warrant you!

Enter Bawd.

Oh, honest Bawd! How dost do?

Bawd. Do! I'm even worn out in your Worship's Service; I have gotten a Hoarseness will never leave me, with rising a Nights, to let in your Worship and your unseasonable Company to save my Windows: I cannot live long.

Sir Ant. Thou wilt die nobly then, in the Service of thy Country.

Bawd. Nay, thank my Stars, my Diligence cannot be objected to; I have been very useful in my Calling, to serve the Necessities of young Gentlemen.

Foot. Oh horrid! What a despicable Thing is a Bawd! Filthy Creatures.

Free.

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Free. They are something filthy,—— but very necessary.

Gayly. Poor Bawds are carted, whilst great Men's Pimps are Company for Lords!

Bawd. I have no less than three Maiden-heads upon my Hands; I have agreed with their Mothers, who truly are careful, honest Parents, and love to provide for their Children, with a motherly Affection. I shall have them cheap, considering the Scarcity of 'em in this Town. I thought fit to give your Worship Notice. If you have Use for one of 'em.

Sir Ant. For one! I'll have them all. I'll spare no Money, let me have them To-morrow, or to Night; for fear they shou'dn't keep.

Bawd. I cannot have them till To-morrow, I fear.

Gayly. If so—— then let us have a Bevy of Whores for a rank Ball, for we intend to be luxurious to Night.

Bawd. It shall be done; but I am almost faint with running up and down, and taking Pains——

Sir Ant. Let her be taken in and rubb'd and cawdel'd as the good Folks are, let the Bawd have Sack enough.

Foot. It shall be done: Yonder are Milliners, Perukue-makers, Perfumers, and Tradesmen of all Sorts, waiting without.

Sir Ant. Let the Steward and Valet-de-Chamber dispatch 'em, I hate Business; now let us revel, this Day I dedicate to all my Senses; I'll feast 'em all after we have dined, with all the Luxury Wit can invent, with choicest Musick and the best of Women——

Gayly. Whores, you mean.

Free. Ay, ay, what Use can we make of honest Women?

Gayly. None, they are Drones in a Hive.

Sir Ant. Whores I do mean; with whom, after we have dam'd and toy'd, I'll have my Baths prepar'd full of most fragrant Scents, where we will play and wanton with our Concubines; there we'll lie soaking till we be refresh'd, then we'll come out, be rubb'd, and
be

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be anointed with pretious Oils and Essences, and then we'll roll on Beds of Orange-flowers.

Gayly. How I dissolve at the Description!

Free. I'm all in Extasy already!

Enter Charlotte, Harriot, and Isabella.

Sir Ant. Oh, here's my Mistrefs.

Omnes. We come to wish you Joy, dear Sir, of this happy Day.

Sir Ant. Ye bring it with you! Gentlemen, salute these fair Ladies. *[They salute them.]*

Gayly. Are these Friends of your Mistrefs, Whores?

Free. If they be, as it's a hundred to one they are, they are glorious ones!

Sir Ant. Fie, fie, Whores! that's a naughty Word. They are Ladies: There are no Whores but such as are poor and beat Hemp, and whip'd by Rogues in blue Coats.

Gayly. I like the Magistrates who shall commit Adultery themselves, and whip poor Wenches for simple Fornication.

Free. There's no Law to whip, but that of Vagrants, and when a poor Wench has labour'd in her Calling for seven Years, in the same Parish, to be whip'd for a Vagrant is very hard.

Gayly. Some old Fellows love it themselves, and think the Wenches do so too, perhaps.

Isab. You are the Pattern of all Knights, you keep your Mistrefs so fine; I'll swear 'tis very commendable.

Char. Oh, 'tis admirable! All the Town admires you; you win the Hearts of all the Ladies by it, I vow.

Sir Ant. No! we must all yield to your Friend Sir Nizy Ninny; he is the most liberal, and most obsequious Keeper, he starves his Wife and Children for you.

Har. I must confess he does pretty well —

Sir Ant. Why did you not bring him hither?

Har. I should be willing enough, but, if I use him to it, he'll be always going in my Coach with me; no! that must not be.

Isab.

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Isab. She has a rare Hand over him; if I could govern my Gallant so, I were a Princess.

Char. I desire not to govern, my Dear; if I have but thy Love, Child, I wish for nothing else.

Sir Ant. No more! no more. Call in my Musick, and let them play—Come in. [*They Enter.*] Now let us retire and take the Pleasure of our Garden: Musick, follow us. [*Exit omnes.*]

Enter Footman, Scrape, and Timothy.

Foot. Sir, please to sit, I'll send the Steward to you immediately. [*Exit Footman.*]

Scrape. Come, *Timothy*, as thou art a new Servant, and may'st see some extravagant Doings in this House, I'll instruct thee a little, thou seest my whole Design is to be rich.

Tim. Yes, and to keep your Servants poor. [*Aside.*]

Scrape. And, to that End, I deny and keep my base unruly Senses under, for if any one Sense gets the better of a Man, he'll ne'er be rich.

Tim. I am sure I have not pleas'd one of mine since I came.

Scrape. That's well; as we return, thou shalt buy three Ribs of Mutton, and boil in a Pipkin for our Dinners; buy me a lean Breast—lean Meat is wholsomest.

Tim. If I could light of a Sheep that dy'd in a Ditch.——

Scrape. Ay, that should be cheap—besides, I like a natural Death better than killing. To-morrow is Holy-day, I will have four Ribs and some Cabbage.

Tim. This is Feasting! But our ordinary Diet of Oatmeal and Water.——

Scrape. 'Tis very wholsome and cleansing——

Tim. 'Tis *Scotch*-Diet, good enough for mangy Hounds. What Sauce will you have for your Mutton?

Scrape. A Pox on Sauce! It spoils the natural Appetite; yet some Onion or Garlick you may get. I have some right Firkin-butter and *Suffolk*-Cheese in the House; they go far—— *Tim.*

Tim. Sir, I have a great Inclination to a Sheep's-head, may I not get one? 'tis cheap——

Scrape. Not so cheap, yet next Holy-day I'll buy one for my Family; but Ox-livers are most nourishing.

Tim. He cannot be content to rob and oppress Men by his Extortion, but he must rob Dogs of their Diet. [*Aside.*] You have Lambs of your own, if it please your Worship.

Scrape. It does not please my Worship; sure you have liv'd with some *Epicure*; no, I'll sell them to luxurious Fools that will die Beggars.

Tim. I hear Sir *Anthony Wildwit* intends to send you a fat Buck.

Scrape. I'll sell it then, 'twill cost more the Dressing than it is worth—— We kill ourselves in *England* with filthy Pampering.

Tim. I can go a Fowling for your Worship, with my Piece, and get Wild-fowl.

Scrape. But, by my Troth, your Worship shall not; you will spend more in Powder and Shot than your Body's worth; besides, a Water-spaniel, with his ravenous Gut, will eat me out of House and home: Wild-fowl! They are fit for a *Lucullus*, or an *Apicius*.

Tim. Sir, we can steal Coneys if you please——

Scrape. No, Sir! no, Sir! I must find you Butter. What damn'd luxurious Fellow hast thou liv'd with?

Tim. Sir, I beseech you, let me have some Wheat-bread, I have gotten the Gripes; nay, the *Iliac Passio*, with Rye and Barley.

Scrape. Peace, Fool! I am not so prodigal, thank Heaven.

Tim. Must we never have any Wine or strong Beer?—

Scrape. Why, you impudent Fellow, would you have us die of Fevers? To drink Wine shall be Treason, and strong Beer, Felony, without Benefit of Clergy: I have wholesome, clear small Beer; so very clear, and so fine that the Malt is hardly tasted in it——The Patriarchs drank nothing but Water.

Tim.

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Tim. That I deny, ask *Lot* else!

Enter Steward.

Scrape. I heard you had been at my House, and, having Business this Way, I call'd in to know your Commands.

Stew. My Commands! No, Sir, my Master's Commands. I only obey, with great Reluctance, such Commands.

Scrape. What can his Worship honour me withal?

Stew. The old Complaint, only to borrow another ten thousand Pound on a Mortgage.

Scrape. Look ye, *Timothy*, this is an Ass that will please all his Senses, see what comes on't; he's oblig'd to borrow Money! Oh damn'd Senses! [*Aside to Tim.*] Well, Mr. *Steward*, the Money, the ten thousand Pound is ready, *Sir Anthony* shall have it To-day, if he pleases.

Stew. The sooner the better, we shall soon have Occasion to trouble you for more, I doubt, as *Sir Anthony* goes on.

Scrape. See, what becomes of these foolish Sense-pleasers, poor miserable Fools! I pity 'em; I'll not please one of mine, not I. Well, I'll go and get the Money, and you'll get the Mortgage ready for the Knight to Seal. Your Servant. [*Exeunt Scrape and Tim.*]

Stew. I will, Sir; your Servant: Well! thy Avarice is more ridiculous than my Master's Extravagance.

To hoard the Wealth was destin'd for one's Use,
Is much more than to spend it, an Abuse;
Who makes the Means the End, but cheats himself,
And proves a Pagan to his Idol Pelf:
Shun all Extreams, and honestly employ
The Means to serve their Ends, and taste of ev'ry Joy.



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, at Sir Anthony's.

Sir Anthony, Gayly, Freeman, Harriot, Charlotte, Isabella. Servants waiting after Dinner.

Sir Ant. **M**USICK, be ready! I'll consecrate my Birth-Day to all my Senses: He's a narrow-hearted Ass that pleases one at once; I'll please as many as I can together.

Gayly. 'Tis ingenuous Luxury!

Sir Ant. I hate a mere Glutton, a mere Drunkard, or a mere Wencher; they are as bad as mere Scholars, or mere Lawyers, good for nothing else; there's not a Virtue or Vice I'll leave untry'd for Pleasure or for Curiosity.

Free. There spoke a Cherub; fill up the Bowl then, fill it high; fill all the Glasses up; here's our noble Friend *Sir Anthony's* Health.

Gayly. Give me a Brimmer to celebrate his Birth-Day. Ladies, there's no 'scaping this Health. Men of Rosin and Cats-guts, strike up.

Sir Ant. Strike up! D'ye hear, Rascals! Let me have costlier Scents, and fume the Room; my Nostrils are not pleas'd enough.

Gayly. Are all ready? A thousand Years to you.

Free. And all the while the Joys of Wine, Youth and Beauty with you.

Har. The everlasting Health, my Dear.

[*The Musick strikes up.*]

Enter Scrape, Steward, and Timothy.

Stew. Sir, Mr. *Scrape* has drawn the Bills for the Money

The PRODIGAL. 15

Money which are accepted, and he is come to have you Sign and Seal ———

Sir Ant. Kick that old Fool out, is he come to interrupt my Pleasure with damn'd confounded Business? which always must, with me, give way to my Delight.

Stew. How this must rejoice my old Master's Ghost, cou'd he but see it!

Scrape. Good, how fast his Worship's Land melts into my Coffers! these are foolish Sense-pleasers.

Sir Ant. I wish you had come sooner, and din'd with us, Mr. *Scrape*.

Scrape. Sir, I thank you, but I eat no luxurious Meats; I love no Surfeits.

Gayly. Give him a Beer Glass to Sir *Anthony's* Health.

Scrape. I have renounced Wine, I do not care for Fevers, nor will I please one Sense I have.

Char. Out on him, filthy Fellow! will he not please his Senses?

Gayly. Methinks a Fever should be a very pleasant Disease for an old Man.

Tim. Are you mad, Sir, why 'twill cost you nothing; at least give me leave to snap a little Meat and Wine, if I find it stirring.

Scrape. You Rascal, will you disgrace my House-keeping? they'll think you are hunger-starv'd.

Tim. They'll not think much amiss.

Scrape. Peace, you damn'd Epicure! contain yourself, or I will maul your Pate for you; laugh at these Sense-pleasers; they'll die in Ditches, Fool.

Tim. Better die than live in Ditches, we live worse — for Frogs have a better Life than we.

Har. Let us not mind this Brute; but let your Servants dance their Entry you promised.——

Sir Ant. Let 'em begin.

[Dance.]

Does this please you?

[To *Scrape*.

Scrape.

Scrape. What is the Worth of any thing, but so much Money as 'twill bring? He was a brave Poet that wrote that.

Sir Ant. But here are fine Ladies! Here's a Sight for you, and to enjoy them in Dalliance were Pleasure infinite.

Scrape. A huge Trunk full of Bonds and Mortgages, and another great Coffier full of Money to roll and wanton in; there's a Sight! there's Rapture for you!

Sir Ant. Yes, for Fools that make Money the End of their Wishes, and not the Means to other Things. Come on, sing the Song I love so well.

Scrape. Pox on Songs! give me the Jingling of Money - Bags.

S O N G.

*Whilst seraphick Strains excite us,
And alternate Passions move;
Whilst to toy the Fair invite us,
And to softer Scenes of Love;
Let's of Life make all we can,
Pleasure's the chief End of Man.*

*Richest Wines supply their Juices,
(Fools may hug their useless Store)
Blessings prove such by their Uses,
Vain are Riches else, and Pow'r.
Let's of Life make all we can,
Pleasure's the chief End of Man.*

Har. Very fine, I vow!

Char. Upon my Word it's delicate!

Isab. Well, Sir *Anthony's* a sweet Man.

Sir Ant. How do you like this, Mr. *Scrape*?

Scrape. 'Tis abominable, profane, scandalous and scurvy.

Sir Ant. I'll strive to please you, you shall hear an Italian Eunuch.

Scrape.

The PRODIGAL. 17

Scrape. I had as lief hear a Greyhound with Trillo's and long Graces sing a Love-song to the Moon: But much rather hear my Mastiff teaching my Neighbour's Hog his Gamut, when he comes into my Ground.

Sir Ant. What think you of a broken Concert of Violins and Theorbo's, joined with *Italian* Voices? I'll have this for you.

Scrape. I had rather hear a broken Concert in my Hog-yard, my Boars and Sows grunt out harmonious Bases, my younger Hogs their brisker Counter-tenors, and my sweet voic'd Pigs squeak out melodious Trebles.

Sir Ant. What think you of a Concert of Cathedral Voices?

Scrape. I had rather hear sweet Frogs chaunt out their Anthems against Rain, join'd with the solemn Voices of old Toads; and, for more sprightly Musick, Screech-Owls and Cats, their Concert when run mad in Love; with the harmonious Braying of some Asses; join'd to these a Paper-mill for an Organ, with Silversmiths, Pewterers, and Trunk-makers; and Tinkers playing thorough Bases on huge Coppers. Tell me not of Musick; dispatch my Business.

Sir Ant. Come, I'll withdraw, and Sign, and Seal.

Har. Ladies, I'll wait on you instantly.

[*Exeunt all but Charlotte, Isabella, Gayly, and Freeman.*]

Gayly. Survey my Youth, and recollect your Charms, and then judge whether it is possible to avoid making Love to you.

Char. It's all to no manner of Purpose, Sir, whilst I am engag'd to Sir *Nicholas Spottey*; for I would not be false to him for the whole World, I swear.

Gayly. 'Tis impossible you should be true to him; you cannot love him, he is so ugly and foolish.

Char. Oh! but he is good-natur'd, and admires me only. You that call yourselves witty Men, have some Love indeed, hot in the Onset, and as swift in the Retreat.

18 *The* P R O D I G A L.

Free. True to a Keeper! sure, you will not be a Thing so much out of Fashion.

Isab. Oh Lud! I cou'd not be false to Sir *Toby Riot* for all this earthly Good; 'tis a Shame Wómen should be false to their Intrigues, as some are; I wonder at their Consciences! What do they think will become of them!

Free. Love heartily, as I do, and 'twill take away that Scruple, let me tell you. You have struck me to the Heart, and I wonder you can have the Conscience not to pity me.

Isab. You are pleas'd to say so.

Free. Will you hear me swear bloodily? by ——

Isab. Hold, hold! Have you no Religion in you? Lard, how I tremble for fear of an Oath!

Gayly. 'Tis true, he pays for your Body, but 'tis not fit he shou'd have your Mind.

Char. Shall it ever be said I am false to my Keeper?

Gayly. No, it shall not be told; nor if it was, would your Keeper believe it, he's so conceited of himself.

Char. We of our Profession must be more careful of our Credit than Merchants and Bankers are; for if we break we've no Statute to clear us.

Free. I should love you at another rate than my Friend *Riot*; I should not leave you for Bottles and Bullies; I'm sure you do not love him.

Isab. No! why he's the prettiest wild Gentleman about the Town. But see, he comes.

Enter Sir Toby Riot, Bounce, and Bluster.

Sir Toby. The Devil take me, *Bounce* and *Bluster*, if we ben't very mad Fellows!

Bounce. Ouns! what Prig is yon talking to your Natural?

Bluster. Shall I pluck out Poker and lay him on thick?

Sir Toby. No, he's my Friend, an honest Fellow, and as mad as the best on's. Honest *Freeman*, how dost thou do?

The PRODIGAL. 19

do? How dost thou, Friend *Gayly*? Gad! we have had a rare Night on't: We have roar'd, and sung, and ranted, kick'd all Males, kiss'd all Females, swung Constables and Watch, trounced Bailiffs, broke Windows, and stormed Bawdy-houses, and committed other Outrages to the Confusion of much People.

Isab. Oh fie, my Dear! why would'st thou venture thy Person, when thou know'st how I love thee? Get thee gone; thou art such a wild Thing! —

Sir Toby. Peace, Buttock, we have not been in Bed these four-and-twenty Hours.

*Let others soak all Night in Beds, &c. [Singing.
And live but half their Time, &c.*

On my Conscience and Soul, we broke fourscore Pounds Worth of Windows!

Gayly. Is not this a pretty Gentleman to be in love with?

Enter Sir Anthony, Harriot, and Steward.

Sir Ant. *Sir Toby* Riot, your Servant.

Sir Toby. *Sir Anthony*, your Servant. Let me present these my two Friends; they're of good Families; their Names [*presenting them*] *Bounce* and *Bluster*.

Sir Ant. Great Names, indeed; but they're somewhat negligent in their Dress.

Sir Toby. That's all one, they're brave as Lightning, and kick the Bailiffs like Thunder; and 'faith, they'll scour and roar like Cannon; they are the best Company in the World, and are my Guard against Bailiffs.

Sir Ant. They look dreadfully.

Sir Toby. So they do; why each has kill'd his Man; and yet they are ingenious as well as brave. *Bounce* shall sing a Catch, and play a thorough Base with his Fingers on a Table. And *Bluster* shall whoop, halloo, and hunt over a Bottle, with any in the Kingdom.

Both. You make us blush, you compliment us so much.

20 *The* P R O D I G A L.

Sir Toby. They're modest, you see; but you shall hear them sing whenever you please. — Oh, we are mad Fellows! Faith, we can be merry an we set on't; we have roar'd and scour'd, and kept *Covent-Garden* waking all last Night.

Bounce. On my Conscience, we beat threescore People.

Sir Toby. Ay, fourscore! Men, Women and Children. — Hah! was not that well?

Sir Ant. O, very well! Hark you, Gentlemen, a Design comes into my Head of carrying this roaring Company, the Women and the Fiddles to that Wretch *Scrape's* House.

Gayly. An excellent Thought! 'twill fright him out of his Wits, and perhaps free his Wife into the Bargain.

Bounce. Whose Caravan is that the other Prig talks with?

Sir Toby. A Coxcomb's; one *Sir Nicholas Spottey*.

Bounce. Does yon Fellow manage her?

Sir Toby. No, she's kept, I tell you: Do you think a Woman that is kept will lie with another?

Har. We shall have charming Sport.

Sir Ant. 'Tis resolved, *Sir Toby*, that all this Company, and my Fiddles, shall forthwith go to the Wretch *Scrape's* House, and rant, and sing, and dance, and roar, and play Pranks there.

Sir Toby. Hey Boys! hey! a most admirable Design. We'll tear the Ground, and roar, and make more Noise than a Sea-fight.

Sir Ant. Well said, *Sir Toby*. D'ye hear, Steward! send all my Coaches to the Door, send a Collation and Wine to *Scrape's*, and see that all my Fiddles and Voices follow me thither.

Sir Toby. And let us, my Fellows, break the Windows all the Way we go, kick every Male from a Link-boy to a Lord, and kiss every Female from a Lady to the wide-mouth'd Jade that cries Sprats, swinge Bum-

The P R O D I G A L. 21

Bum-Bailiffs excessively, and commit filthy Out-rage to the Astonishment of the *Mobile*. Come on.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E, Scrape's House.

Scrape and Timothy.

Scrape. Where have you been roguing, Sirrah, that you did not wait on me home?

Tim. I staid to do a thing I am not us'd to, to fill my Belly, enjoy my Friends, and be merry.

Scrape. Oh, Devil! I think the Rogue stinks of strong Beer, foh!

Tim. That's a Lye, 'tis Wine! Cry you Mercy, Sir, is that a Stink? Here's Sir *Anthony's* good Health. He's a noble Person, will you pledge me, Sir?

Scrape. Heaven and Earth! the impudent Rogue is drunk.

Tim. I have drank and victuall'd at Sir *Anthony's* for a Famine I am to endure here. I am hung round with Bottles, and stuff'd full of Provision; will you eat a Pullet?

Scrape. Oh, impudent Villain! bring Drunkenness into my House!

Tim. Ay, or else I should ne'er have found it here.

Scrape. Audacious Villain! thou stayest not in my House; I'll turn thee away presently.

Tim. The best News I have heard these ten Days.

Scrape. Say'st thou so, Rogue? no, I'll have thee whipt soundly; and in the mean time I will beat thee damnably, to tame thy damn'd unruly Senses; thou base, filthy Swine.

Tim. Here's twelve Go-downs more upon Reputation, to Sir *Anthony's* Health.

Scrape. I'll health you, Rogue! take that; I'll maul your Rogueship.

[*Beats him.*]

Tim. 'Twas base to take Advantage of my drinking. Stand off, I say, for if you strike me once more, take Notice, good Claret has taken away the Relation betwixt us, and I shall grow damnable passionate.

Scrape. Ha! the Rogue may kill me in his Drink; and, for ought I know, rob me, which is worse. Go, bid the Maid set on the Pipkin with the Black-pudding for your Mistress and I.

Tim. Pox on Pipkins! I have brought my Mistress some cram'd Chickins, *Westphalia* Bacon, Neat's Tongues, and something else in my Breeches; I have an Honour for my Mistress, and should be very sorry to see her want.

Scrape. Thy Back shall be maul'd for this To-morrow at *Bridewell*, Rogue, Dog, Son of a Whore!—*Timothy*, sell that Wine and Provision, and I'll put out the Money for thee; 'twill come to a pretty Sum in a Year.

Tim. I scorn Usury; do you think I'll be curs'd as you are?

Scrape. As I am, Rogue!

Tim. Good Words, I say; for I am in an Ill-humour, and shall be suddenly provok'd; but to shew I am in perfect Charity with you, here's to my Mistress's good Health! I honour her most immaculately.

Scrape. Go, go out, and sleep, and be sober.

Tim. Well, farewell; I'll keep no such base sober Company. [Exit.]

Scrape. To-morrow shall thy Carcass suffer, and thy Senses be tam'd. Here, *Mally*, where art thou? Come, we will walk and take the Air [*unlocking the Door*] that thou may'st get thee a Stomach.

Enter Mrs. Scrape.

Mrs. Scrape. 'Twould be well I had Victuals to my Stomach; but must your Tyranny never have an end? Must I always be thus abridg'd of my Liberty? A cram'd Fowl has a better Time on't, for that's fed well; but I am coop'd up and starv'd; nay, have no Necessary that is fit for a young Woman.

Scrape.

The PRODIGAL. 23

Scrape. Come, Love, you have very good wholesome Food, 'tis fit a young Woman shou'd mortify.

Mrs. Scrape. Even in Winter I am kept without Fire and Candle.

Scrape. 'Tis to preserve thy Life, my Love. Didst thou ever see Cooks and Glasse-men long-liv'd? Fire destroys the natural Heat; they live longest in cold Countries; and to save Fire, I intend to have my Meat roasted by Burning-glasses; and, instead of Candles, I'll have Glow-worms, rotten Wood, and Fish-bones.

Mrs. Scrape. I have endured your cruel Tyranny too long; but, above all, your Jealousy is most provoking.

Scrape. 'Tis nothing but my Love, my great Love: Dost thou think I don't love my Money? Why, am I jealous of that? yet I lock it up as I do thee; I know what a Treasure thou art.

Mrs. Scrape. Give me leave to know my own Value too; I deserve not to be us'd so; I will have the Liberty of a She-subject of *England*.

Scrape. What o' Pox! the Liberty of cuckolding your Husband? for that it comes to; to receive Visits, and meet damn'd roguish Whoremasters, which they call Admirers, with a Pox to 'em!

Mrs. Scrape. Thou deserv'st to be us'd so; when you are at home I'm never out of my Prison, but in Presence of my Jailor; and when you're abroad, I'm fed at a Grate like the Lions in the *Tower* (if I may call it feeding) but, in short, I'll endure your Avarice and Cruelty no longer.

Scrape. I save, to make thee a rich Widow. --- I think the Woman begins to be peevish. Come, I will kiss thee, and put thee in Good-humour; fack I will.

Mrs. Scrape. Kiss a Death's-head! My Mother betray'd me in my Youth to the Slavery of thy Age. Thou didst promise to be a Father to me; thou canst not be a Husband; and, instead of a Father, hast been the most execrable Tyrant.

Scrape. Be not perverse; for, by Cock and Bottle, Heaven forgive me for Swearing!——I will give thee conjugal Chastisement.

Mrs. Scrape. S'heart! talk no more to me of that, you have worn out all my Patience, and I henceforth will be a Tygress to thee.

Scrape. Audacious!

Mrs. Scrape. I have a Brother who comes this Night to Town; he loves me; we were Twins; he'll right me: Thou never saw'st him, but shortly to thy Cost thou shalt—His Serjeant spoke to me out at my Prison-Window to Day; he's beating up for Recruits for the Queen of Hungary: There's not a fiercer young Officer in the Army: He'll cut thy Throat if thou abusest me so.

Scrape. Death! Is that hectorly Fellow come, thou usest to threaten me with? Oh, Impudence! my Family is turn'd topsy-turvy.

Mrs. Scrape. I'll have the Liberty belongs to my Condition; I'll visit and be visited.

Scrape. Visit! Ay, Pox; that Way comes Messages, Tokens, Letters, and Bawding for one another, and so the Frolick goes round.

Mrs. Scrape. I'll have Money, to venture fifty Pounds in a Night at Quadrille.

Scrape. Ounds! fifty Pounds! She makes me tremble!

Mrs. Scrape. I'll make you know the right of an English Woman, before I have done.

Scrape. Prodigious, and amazing! The Right of an English Woman, to cheat and cuckold her Husband! In, into your Chamber! go in, I say.

Mrs. Scrape. Peace, old Fool; I say, not in.

Scrape. Nay, then, Correction will ensue.

[He lifts up his Cane, she wrests it from him.]

Mrs. Scrape. Yes, that it shall, old Tyrant.

Scrape. What Noise is that?

The PRODIGAL. 25

Enter a Servant of Sir Anthony Wildwit's

Serv. Sir, my Master is just entering with a great Train of Gentlemen and Ladies, and has sent a Collation, and Wine, that you may not be at Charges. [Exit.

Scrape. Confound him and his Train. D'ye hear, Mistress, go into your Chamber.

Mrs. Scrape. I'll stay to entertain the Ladies.

Scrape. Ladies! Whores. A plague on them all! in, in, or this Knife shall be embrued in thy Blood.

Mrs. Scrape. Help! Help! I will not go in.

Enter Sir Anthony, Sir Toby, Gayly, Freeman, Bounce, and Bluster, with Harriot, Charlotte, Isabella, Servants, Fiddles, &c, and Timothy.

Sir Ant. What's the matter! At Wars with your Wife?

Scrape. My dear Wife! no—She's not well; she will endanger her Health; — which is very dear to me.

Mrs. Scrape. I am well, I shall not endanger my Health, nor is it dear to him. Ladies, your humble Servant, I am proud of the Honour of this Visit.

[Men and Women salute Mrs. Scrape.

Scrape. Ounds! she can compliment. Death! they kiss too most lasciviously.

Sir Toby. How dost do, old Boy! We are come to drink, sing, roar, and be merry with thee.

Sir Ant. Madam, I come to endeavour your Release, and therefore be ready at the first Opportunity.

Mrs. Scrape. You oblige me.

Scrape. Have you any private Business with my Wife?

[Comes betwixt 'em.

Sir Toby. What a Pox! do you interrupt a Gentleman that is talking to your Wife? — heh! —

Bounce. He deserves Chastisement, an uncivil old Prig.

Bluster. If he had offer'd that to me, I would have blown him into Atoms.

Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. Shall I beat him, and kick him damnably, and break his Windows, *Sir Anthony*, hah?

Sir Ant. Not yet: Come, Ladies, I have brought my Fiddles, let's have a Dance, in the first place.

Mrs. Scrape. With all my Heart.

Scrape. What will become of me? Hell is broke loose. Housewife, remember this.

Sir Ant. Come, *Mr. Scrape*, will you join us?

Scrape. No, Sir, I thank you; *Timothy*, raise the Constable and a strong Watch against these outrageous Rascals.

Tim. Sir, I would not for the World; *Sir Anthony's* my Friend, and I love and honour him: And here's another Rous to his Health.

Scrape. Hell, and Confusion! Damn'd Rogue! I'll murder thee.

Tim. You shall not starve me as long as *Sir Anthony* lives, i'gad.

Scrape. Ounds! She Dances! A very damn'd confounded Town-Jade.

[*They dance a Country-dance, at the end of which, Sir Anthony leads her out dancing.*]

Hell, and Devils! what Trick's this? — Oh, my Wife, my Wife: Come in, you Baggage.

[*He runs out and pulls her in.*]

Sir Ant. Are you mad? 'Tis Part of the Dance.

Scrape. You shall lead her no such Dance: Here, Housewife, into your Chamber.

Sir Toby. What! do you interrupt the Dance? Earthquakes, Inundations, roaring Seas and Thunder; I'll maul you. [Kicks him.]

Tim. There's rare taming of your Senses for you.

Scrape. Excellent! I'll not take two hundred Pound for this beating.

Sir Toby. Break his Windows, Bounce, and Bluster.

Mrs. Scrape. Hold, hold! What do you mean?

Scrape. Good again, very good.

Sir Toby.

The PRODIGAL. 27

Sir Toby. At your Commands, Madam, much may be done.

Sir Ant. Sirrah, fill every one a Brimmer to Mrs. *Scrape's* Health. Give *Scrape* one.

Sir Toby. Take it, and drink to your Lady's Health, or, by the Soul of *Scanderberg*, I'll carbonado thee.

Scrape. Plagues and Curses! well, there's no Remedy.

Sir Toby. Down on your Knees all: Strike up Fiddles, Fire all, — Hey Boys — Am not I a mad Fellow, *Sir Anthony*?

Char. Did one ever see such an odious old Fellow?

Gayly. Women will lie with any odious Fellow that will marry, or keep 'em; you cannot love *Sir Nicholas*; pr'ythee think no more of that Roister.

Char. Really he is a pretty wild Creature.

Scrape. Gentlemen, what have I done to deserve these Outrages?

Har. Done! filthy Fellow, to shut up your Wife against the Law of Nature.

Sir Ant. We come to oblige you to visit, and be merry with you and your Lady.

Sir Toby. Hands all around! We'll dance round him, till you run away with his Wife. Play, Fiddles.

Sir Ant. Come, Madam, break off.

[As he is going off with Mrs. Scrape,
Scrape creeps between their Legs.]

Scrape. Come back, Strumpet, have I caught you? Remember, Whoremaster, there is Law.

Bounce. Does the Scoundrel talk of Law?

Bluster. Beat his Brains out.

Mrs. Scrape. Now, Gentlemen, give me leave to say you do not well to triumph over an old Man; he's my Husband, and I must love him, tho' he uses me tyrannically, and shuts me up in Prison.

Har.

Char.

Isab.

}

How, shut up your Wife!

Char.

28 *The* P R O D I G A L.

Char. O, thou old Dotard! thou Shame of Mankind!

Isab. Woman was meant to go at large, thou filthy Creature.

Har. Shall Woman, that's wild by Nature, be tam'd by thee, base Fellow?

Sir Ant. He invades the Right of Whoremasters, and 'tis not to be borne; we have the Right of Commonage, and he impales.

Scrape. Heaven protect me but this once, I seldom trouble it!

Mrs Scrape. I am resolved to escape, but not in such leud Company: *Timothy*, do you stand here, whatever happens to you, till I come to you; and do as I direct you, and I'll reward you.

Tim. Any thing; for I love and honour you, and scorn and hate my Master.

Scrape. Yet, I say, *Mally*, good *Mally*, go into my Chamber.

Mrs. Scrape. I will, my Dear, instantly, for I perceive their Intentions are base. — [*To Sir Anthony.*] Sir, put out all the Candles, and I'll secure my Escape.

Sir Ant. With all my Heart; Gentlemen, assist me.

[*The Candles out.*]

Scrape. Murder, Murder! help, help! I am cuckolded, robb'd, undone! Villains, Thieves, Murderers, Whoremasters, Sons of Whores, Rascals, Strumpets!

[*Mrs. Scrape puts a loose Gown upon Timothy.*]

Mrs. Scrape. Where art thou, my Dear, I'll go in with thee. I am convinc'd I was in the Wrong.

Scrape. Come, give me thy Hand, Dear, I'll maul thee, with a plague to thee, for this anon.

[*Scrape leads Timothy into the Chamber for his Wife.*]

Mrs. Scrape. Now, farewell, old Tyrant, and all the rest of ye; had I escaped by Violence, Hue-and-Cries would soon stop me.

[*Exit Mrs. Scrape.*]

Bounce. Gad, it's dark! Have at these Women.

[*Kisses Charlotte, Gayly strikes him, and he strikes Bluster.*]

Bluster.

The PRODIGAL. 29

Bluster. Lightning and Thunder! What Rascal cuffs me? Have at some Body.

Sir Ant. What's the matter! Who waits there?

[They fight; Women shriek, and run out.]

Sir Toby. I'll stand up against the Wall. Fight on my merry Men all.

Enter Servants, with Lights.

Scrape. Oh! for some Murder now among themselves.

Sir Ant. What's the matter there?

Bounce. I was cuff'd.

Bluster. I was box'd.

Sir Toby. Come, brave Boys, 'twas in the dark, 'tis no Dishonour, ne'er mind it.

*He that wears a brave Soul, and does handsomly do,
Is a Herald to himself, and a Godfather too.*

Sir Ant. Some other Time let this be examin'd.

Scrape. Now you'll be gone; she you came for is safe! All your Force cannot break open that Door. There lies your Way.

Foot. He is mistaken, the Lady took one of the Coaches by your Order, she said, and is gone.

Sir Ant. Let's be gone, and look after the Ladies.

Bounce. I shall make Some-body smoke.

Bluster. Blood shall ensue. *[Exeunt all but Scrape.]*

Scrape. I'll arrest every Man, and when I have recover'd Damages, indict 'em for a Riot, poor Fools! This was a lucky Adventure, since I saved my Wife. They have left their Banquet and Wine, I'll make Money on't: Let me go and fasten the Doors.

Fast bind, fast find, well doth the Proverb say,
Riches has Wings, and Wives have Legs to stray,
And neither can be safe but under Lock and Key. }

A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, at Mr. Scrape's.

Enter Scrape.

Scrape. SO! I have laid up the Provisions, and I shall make Money of them; as I intend to do of my Beating, and the Riot they have committed: I have likewise taken order my drunken Rogue shall be apprehended: But now to my Wife: Perfidious Jade! I shall keep her Prisoner during Life, for all her hectorly Brother.

[Exit Scrape.]

Tim. I think this Disguise will fright him, and secure me from a substantial Beating into the Bargain: If I can once get out of the Chamber——I'm sure I'll face him down I ne'er was in it.

Enter Scrape with a Candle.

Scrape. Here! where is this vile Monster of Woman-kind? Dost thou hide thyself——hah! Mercy upon me! who's here, the Devil, the Devil!

[He runs out, the Candle falls.]

Tim. I thought my Face was pretty well before, but I see I could make it uglier; Art can improve Nature much. Now will I shift for myself.

*[Exit.]**Enter Scrape.*

Scrape. Help! help! the Devil! the Devil!

Timothy re-enters in his own Habit.

Tim. What's the matter, Sir?

Scrape. O! the Devil! the Devil's in my Chamber!

Tim.

Tim. Where? where? Let's see. I have lighted the Candle again!

Scrape. O Rogue! art thou here! I think thou art the Devil, how could'st thou get in else? I lock'd all my Doors, and search'd every Room in the House, and thou wer't not in any one of them.

Tim. Sir, I was a little sober'd with the Fright of the Swords drawn, and sensible of my Fault, I hid myself from your Indignation under my Flock-bed, where I lay sweating and trembling, 'till I heard you cry out, and I could not but come to your Assistance.

Scrape. This makes some amends. Let's into my Wife's Chamber and see what's the matter, may-be 'twas a Trick of the lewd Woman's to fright me; I am sure I put her there—I led her by the Hand myself.

Tim. Be not afraid, Sir; sure 'twas no Devil you saw! have you not some Guilt upon your Conscience?

Scrape. Saucy Rogue, I Guilt!—I have none,—I am innocent as the Child new born. Come——let's in, Rascal; Oh Heaven! what Noise is that, *Timothy*? I say, *Timothy*, keep close to me, Sirrah, close.

Tim. Here's no-body in the Chamber.

Scrape. What do you say, no-body? look about the Bed, and in, and under it, quickly.

Tim. Here's no-body; did you lead any-body in here?

Scrape. Yes, yes, I did; I had her by the Hand, I thought, and she spoke to me as she went in.

Tim. Now I think on't, when I ran out at the Quarrel, I thought I saw my Mistress go out hastily, take one of Sir *Anthony*'s Coaches, and hurry away with it; but you was so positive you lock'd her up.

Scrape. O Horror! oh infamous Strumpet! I am robb'd, cuckolded, abused; oh! villainous Quean, she's now in the filthy Act of cuckolding me. Hell and Devils! Give me my Broad-Sword.

Tim. Good Sir, call upon no Devils; we shall be torn in Pieces.

Scrape.

Scrape. I care not what becomes on me; give me my Broad-Sword; I'll have a Warrant to search that Rogue *Wildwit's* House, apprehend the Strumpet, bring her home and murder her, seize upon his Estate; sue him to Outlawries innumerable, indict him and all the Rogues for Riots, &c. Give me my Broad-Sword! Come along with me.

Tim. I dare not.

Scrape. I'll cut you off in the Middle if you do not get you before, I'll lock the Doors: Oh! Whore! Whore, Whore! [Exit]

S C E N E, the Street.

Enter Sir Toby Riot, Bounce, and Bluster.

Sir Toby. Hey Boys, bravely done! scour on! break those Windows; they're Crown-Glass, scour, scour.

Bounce. Have at 'em.

Bluster. Fall on, fall on.

Sir Toby. 'Tis enough, march on; my *Bounce* and *Bluster* we'll over-run the Town, as *Alexander* did *Asia*.

Enter a Citizen and his Wife.

Bounce. A Prize! a Prize!

Bluster. Lay her aboard.

Cit. She's my Wife, Gentlemen, what would you have?

Sir Toby. All kiss her; fall to, Boys.

Cit. Help, help! Watch, Watch!

Wife. Murder! murder! help! help!

Sir Toby. 'Ounds, you Rogue, d'ye call the Watch to swinge him; there's for you, Sirrah!

[*Citizen and his Wife run out calling for Help, Bounce strikes her.*]

Bluster. Does she cry out? lay her on.

Sir Toby. Gad, we're very mad Fellows, are we not my Bullies?

Bounce

The PRODIGAL 33

Bounce. Damme, as e'er wore Swords, I take it.

Sir Toby. More Game, more Game; have at 'em; reverse Whores! a Pox on 'em, they are past squeaking in private, tho' they do it in publick.

Enter three old Women.

Bluster. Who are these? Curse on 'em! they are old and ugly.

Sir Toby. Let 'em be what they will, I spare no Sex or Age. Beldams, you must be kiss'd for being Women, and kick'd for being ugly.

[They run out crying Murder.]

Enter three Apprentices, singing, and breaking Windows.

Sir Toby. Stand! who are these? Rascals without words, Apprentices; must such Rogues usurp the Privilege of Gentlemen? such Scoundrels as you scour? Lay 'em on thick, swinge 'em.

Apprentices. Help! help! Watch! Watch! Murder!

[They run out.]

Sir Toby. S'Death, shall such pitiful Fellows think to like us?

Enter Citizen, with the Constable and Watch.

Cit. These are the Rogues that set upon me and my Wife.

Const. Rogues! *Sir Toby* Riot and his Friends; they'd to give us Money, Neighbours.

Watchm. Ay, Ay, very honest Gentlemen.

Const. You are a sawcy Fellow.

Sir Toby. Oh! Mr. Constable, let me kiss you; there's half a Piece for your Watch to drink.

Const. Thanks, noble *Sir Toby*. Who are you, Sir? must have an Account of you.

Watchm. Ay, what are you?

Cit. I am an honest Man, and pay Scot and Lot in my Parish; these Fellows set upon my Wife and me.

D

Sir

34 The PRODIGAL.

Sir Toby. This Fellow is a Rogue, and pick'd up a Whore, and call'd her his Wife.

Const. Away with him to the *Gatehouse*.

Cit. Very fine! But I hope to see some of you trounced very soon for your arbitrary, villainous Behaviour; you'll be met with. *[They hale him off.]*

Const. We are undone, yonder's the High-Constable going the Round to Night! haste every one to his Post. *[Exit Constable.]*

Enter Sir Nicholas Spottey.

Sir Toby. Who's here, *Sir Nicholas Spottey*? I'faith thou shalt roar and sing, and break Windows.

Sir Nic. Not for the World, Gentlemen; I am going to fetch my *Charlotte* from *Sir Anthony's* House, if she see me disordered any way she'll be outrageous.

Sir Toby. Gad, you shall: Hang sneaking after a Whore; keep her under.

Sir Nic. Pray, excuse me.

Sir Toby. Gad! do as I bid you, or fight.

Sir Nic. Fight! oh Lord, fight! what would *Charlotte* say if I should venture my Life to fight?

Sir Toby. Pr'ythee don't stand prating, but roar and break Windows, or draw.

Sir Nic. I am resolved I'll not draw; what will you have me do? what will become of me?

Sir Toby. Follow us.

Enter High-Constable.

High-Const. These are the Bullies that made the Riot last Night in *Covent-Garden*, and this Night hereabouts; fall on, knock 'em down.

[Constable and Watch fall on, Sir Nicholas running away, is knock'd down and taken; the rest with broken Heads escape, and get to Sir Anthony's.]

High-Const. Come, Sirrah! we've taken you, and see where the others are shelter'd.

Sir

The PRODIGAL. 35

Sir Nic. Gentlemen, as I hope to be sav'd I am none of their Company; but they set upon me, and threatned to kill me if I went from them. I'll be a Witness against them.

Watchm. 'Tis Sir *Nicholas Spottey*; a very civil Gentleman.

Highb-Const. I know him; you'll be forth-coming in the Morning to witness against them.

Sir Nic. I will.

Highb-Const. Go; Good-night. Beset Sir *Anthony Wild-wit*'s House, I'll have them an they be alive.

Sir Nic. Good-night, Gentlemen. Oh, my Head and Shoulders! a Deuce take their scouring for me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Sir Anthony's House.*

[*Soft Musick plays.*]

Enter Steward.

Stew. Heaven! how he melts his Time and Land away in Luxury and Sloth, and I am forc'd to be an Instrument in his Wickedness; must keep the Door, while he, his Friends, and Whores, are soaking in their Baths, prepared with Cost wou'd fit an Emperor; nay, now perhaps they revel in the Height of Sin.

Enter Sir Toby, Bounce and Bluster.

Sir Toby. Hear, you old formal Steward, where's your Master?

Stew. Bless me! what ails you all? are your Brains beaten out?

Sir Toby. No; we had a Battle with the Myrmidons of *St. Martin's*; we have swing'd, and are swing'd.

Bounce. I am sure my Poker is embru'd in Blood.

Bluster. And mine is stain'd in Gore of filthy Peasant.

Stew. Bless us! Heaven! have you committed Murder?

36 *The* P R O D I G A L.

Sir Toby. Pr'ythee leave prating, and open the Door to thy Master.

Stew. You must not pass; my Master and his Friends are bathing.

Sir Toby. And where are the Women, the Cockatrices?

Stew. The Cockatrices are bathing too.

Sir Toby. What, mine?

Stew. Yes, yours.

Bluster. What a Pox, does he manage the Body of your Caravan?

Sir Toby. Peace, his own Convenient's there; we'll run roaring in.

Stew. You cannot pass, there's a Blunderbuss within, charged with fifteen Bullets, in the Hands of a plaguy, desperate Rogue.

Sir Toby. Pox on't! I know my Buttock's honest; not that I care much, I drink too hard to be a Man at Arms. Gad! I only keep her for the Lewdness on't.

Enter Sir Nicholas Spottey.

Pr'ythee, *Sir Nicholas*, what dost thou keep a Whore for?

Sir Nic. Why, i'fackins, for the Credit on't. Is *Madam Charlotte* here, Friend?

Stew. You cannot come at her; the Ladies are bathing in one Room, and the Gentlemen in another just by 'em.

Bluster. *Sir Anthony* will swinge her.

Sir Nic. Who, what my Birds-n'eyes! I am sure she would not do any such thing for the World.

Sir Toby. Phoo! Pox o' Whores; let's go and drink 'em out of our Heads. Is the Yeoman in the Cellar?

Stew. He or his Servant is never out on't: 'Twill come to a fine pass soon.

[*Exit.*

Sir Nic. Excuse me, I'll not go to make a Beast of myself.

Sir Toby. What, refuse us! draw then; take your Choice.

Sir Nic. What will become of me! I must go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Sir Anthony, Gayly and Freeman, in Morning-Gowns.

Gayly. With what Variety of Pleasure you pass the Time!

Free. There's Fancy and Invention seen in such Luxury.

Sir Ant. It is beyond the Sense of Fops; a Fool has not Wit enough to be pleas'd, he but seems merry, when he is sad at Heart. Is not this better than venturing Life for Ambition, being perpetually anxious for a Blue Ribband, or a White Staff?

Gayly. Such are the irregular Appetites of Men, whose Minds are sick; but the vigorous Body and the healthful Mind find Pleasure only in Sense.

Free. Fools are led away by Shadows, and let the Substance go; while the rash, giddy, and magnanimous Fool runs abroad, is delicately lousy, and kills Men for Honour, who never anger'd him: We stay at home and get 'em.

Sir Ant. Which, I take it, is the most honourable Employment of the two. Another Fop breaks his Brains with metaphysical Nonsense; a mathematical Coxcomb besots himself with *a, b, c*, Superfices, Lines and Angles; our Virtuoso contemplates Lice in Microscopes; your Orator affects to shew his Parts in Whipt-cream Speeches; your Schoolman wastes his Time in Bulls and nonsensical Distinctions, to make the same Thing differ from itself; and the Politician drudges to make Business of what is none.

Free. And all the while the Senses are neglected.

Sir Ant. Your drudging Mill-horse Blockhead grows a Lawyer, while we most wisely find out Pleasures for every Sense; we are the Lords of the World, and enjoy it all, while they are Slaves.

Gayly. 'Twas not our Fault we did not please every Sense even now, these pretty Whores are skittish.

Free. We could do nothing with 'em, but put 'em to the Squeak.

38 *The* P R O D I G A L.

Sir Ant. Some of your kept Ladies will no more treat you with Love, than Taverns will with Wine; 'tis against their Trade: But I have had them all for Money. I cannot, like the Grand Seignior, make a Wench come when I give my Handkerchief; but if I see a pretty Whore I like, I send her fifty Pounds, and to that Lure she stoops, and strait I trufs her; if not, one hundred Pounds brings her down; my Money is less precious than my Time.

Gayly. Faith you are in the right; I see what 'twill come to, for I have a damable Mind to that pretty Jade *Charlotte*.

Free. And I must have *Isabella* whatever becomes of me.

Enter Sir Nicholas Spottey.

Sir Nic. *Sir Anthony*, your Servant; pray where's my Mistress, my poor Rogue? I long to see her.

Sir Ant. *Sir Nicholas*, your Servant, why she's within with her Companions.

Sir Nic. Ay, poor Dear, I have not seen her this six Hours; and yonder's *Sir Toby* and his hectorly Companions, will kill me with Bumpers, as they call 'em, if you don't protect me; they draw and threaten to fight with me, if I don't drink; I have been knock'd down by the Watch, for being taken for one of 'em already. Hide me, hide me.

Enter Sir Toby, Bounce and Bluster.

Sir Toby. Where's this Scoundrel that basely flies from his Bumper. I'll tap him, and let out the Claret he has drank already.

Sir Ant. Good *Sir Toby*, spare him for my sake.

Sir Toby. For your sake he lives, upon Condition he'll come down and drink lustily.

Sir Ant. What makes you bloody?

Sir Toby. We had a Skirmish, faith, wou'd you had been with us; I never saw better scouring Days in my Life; but now let's all drink bloodily.

Bluster.

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Bluster. There's no Life like drinking, roaring, and lying rough.

Sir Ant. As you please, Gentlemen, only let's borrow *Sir Nicholas* a quarter of an Hour, 'till he sees his Mistress, and then we'll restore him.

Sir Toby. D'ye hear, *Nicholas*? be sure you come, or by *Kouli-Kan* I whip you thro' the Lungs the next time we meet. [*Exit Sir Toby, Bounce and Bluster.*]

Sir Nic. Oh Heaven, have Mercy upon me! what shall I do? I'll swear the Peace against him, if I live and breathe.

Enter Harriot, Charlotte and Isabella.

Ah, my Dear, art thou there?

Char. Yes, you Fop; what do you here?

Sir Nic. Pr'ythee be not angry, Miss, I came to wait on thee home.

Char. I'll not go; go home by yourself! go, I say, go quickly.

Sir Nic. Good, dear Madam, let me stay.

Char. I shall have People think you jealous! how dare you come after me thus?

Sir Nic. Who, I jealous! no, no, I scorn their Words, I'd have them to know.

Char. Go, get you home then, and don't come sneaking after me thus; d'ye think you're fit to be seen in good Company, because I am so?

Sir Nic. I know I am not; but, good sweet Madam, let me intreat you, upon my Knees, to let me stay. [*Kneeling.*]

Har. Nay, nay, now you're too cruel; let me interceed:

Sir Nic. Ay!

Isab. Madam, pray let me beg for him.

Sir Nic. Look you there.

Char. He shall not stay, Ladies; you don't know what you do; if I should suffer him, he'll always be peaking after me. Go, I say; I will be obey'd.

Sir Nic. I'll give thee all the Money I have about me, if thou wilt go home with me.

Char. Come, give it me.

40 *The* **P R O D I G A L.**

Sir Nich. There——

[*Giving Money.*

Char. Well, I'll go home; but do you go out, and wait an Hour till I come.

Sir Nich. Well, my Dear, what you will: Good, *Sir Anthony*, let your Servants guard me from these Roarers.

[*Exit.*

Sir Ant. Go, poor Rogue, thou art a hopeful one.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Sir, the fat Gentlewoman is come, with three young Girls.

Har. There's a Collation waits you, within.

Sir Ant. Go in, Ladies, we'll follow you.

[*Exeunt Har. Char. and Isab.*

Now, Gentlemen, a Consultation; the Maidenheads are come; we'll divide them equally. *Steward*, send her in, and convey her Attendants the back Way to my Apartment; and let 'em be bathed and shifted with fine Linnen.

Stew. It goes against my Conscience, and is below my Dignity.

Sir Ant. Sirrah! obey me! or expect no Tips to your Ears, To-morrow.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. Well, I have taken such Pains for you, I am ready to expire. I have gotten my House full of handsome Wenches for your Worship's Use; but I thought the Maidenheads I spoke of would be more pleasing; and I have brought 'em all three, with much ado.

Sir Ant. And will you warrant 'em Maids?

Bawd. That I will, upon my Reputation. Did I ever deceive you? I have more Conscience than to be corrupt in my Calling: But these are dearer than I thought. They are fifty Pounds a-piece, if you have 'em. I ne'er higgle, or make Words with you.

Sir Ant. Talk not of Price, 'tis my Birth-night. Gentlemen, I'll treat you like a Man of Honour. We'll cast Lots.

Gayly.

The PRODIGAL. 41

Gayly. You are too obliging.

Enter Steward.

Steward. I have conducted the Gentlemen ———
Whores in.

Sir Ant. Pr'ythee, honest Bawd, go and bring all your Whores in at my Back-gate. D'ye hear, old Fool? See you entertain 'em well; and let every Stranger and Servant, in my House, have his *chere entiere*; I'll have neither Man nor Maid-servant honest in my House: Chastity shall be Felony, and Sobriety High-Treason.

Bawd. I'll fetch 'em all. [*Exit Bawd.*]

Stew. Good, Sir, whip me, hang me, or ———

Sir Ant. Peace, old Sot; drink and whore lustily, or Wars will ensue.

Steward. Whore! Oh Heavens, I whore! What will become of me?

Sir Ant. Come, my Friends, we'll in, and survey my Marketings.

Free. Lead on, my noble Prince of Pleasure, we'll follow. [*Exeunt.*]

Stew. To the Devil, ye will! and I shall follow too, unless I get loose from their Clutches. [*Exit Stew.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Sir, Sir!

Re-enter Sir Anthony, Gayly, Freeman, Sir Toby.

Sir Ant. How now! What's the matter?

Serv. Sir, the High-Constable, with a huge Guard, and Mr. Scrape at the Head of them, is come with a Warrant to search the House.

Sir Ant. Call all my Servants! Fetch my Guns.

Sir Toby. Hey, Boys! We shall have more scouring.

Bluster. Now we shall show our Valour.

Enter Servant, with Guns, &c.

[*Door shut; High-Constable and Watch break in, with Scrape and Timothy.*]

Sir Ant. What means this Violence! What, break open Doors? *High-Const.*

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High-Const. We have a Warrant to search for Mrs. Scrape.

Sir Ant. You can have no Warrant for Burglary; fall on, fall on, we are victorious, and have taken Prisoners.

[They drive out Constable and Watch, and return with Scrape and Timothy.]

Sir Ant. Lock 'em up safe! and guard my House with Guns and Pistols! Unseasonable Rascals! to interrupt us. *[They carry off Scrape and Timothy.]* Now, all to Bed. *[Exit Sir Anthony.]*

Sir Toby. Not we, we'll go drink and lie rough! Fare you well, upon those Terms. Come, Bullies, I think we have behaved like Emperors.

[Sir Nicholas peeps in, and runs back, Sir Toby catches him.]

Art thou so nimble, faith? I have caught thee tho'.

Sir Nich. You have made me drunk, would you murder me? I'll drink no more, whatever comes on't.

Bounce. You shall not drink, provided you'll play.

Sir Nich. Good Lord! why must I play! You have gotten my Watch and Diamond-Ring already, and twenty Pounds upon Tick.

Bluster. Nay, gad! you shall set t'other twenty Pound.

Sir Nich. Lard! what wou'd you have of a Man? I cannot play, I hate it mortally.

Bounce. What o' Pox! you take us for Cheats, do you?

Sir Nich. Who I! not I, Gentlemen, for the Universe! yet I fear they're little better. *[Aside.]*

Bluster. Damme! Tis not your best Course.

Bounce. You shall find us Gentlemen that scorn to do, or suffer an ill Thing; therefore play.

Sir Nich. Heaven defend me from these dreadful Bullies! they'll get my Money, or quarrel with me, I find. *[Aside.]*

Bluster. What a Devil do you mean? Will you play, or no?

Sir Nich. Pray, Gentlemen, don't be angry, I will then double or quit; I'll set twenty Pound, provided I may play no more. *Bounce.*

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Bounce. Are you sure the Doctors are in?

Bluster. Yes, I am sure; at it, Man.

Bounce. Come, [*Throws.*] here's Seven. [*Throws again.*]

Sir Nich. 'Tis Twelve, 'tis out: Quit, quit; I'll play no more.

Bounce. I nick'd you! Ask *Bluster* else.

Sir Nich. Nay, then, I'll never play more; Twelve nick Seven! what a Pox, I'm not such a Fool neither.

Bounce. Was it Twelve, *Sir Toby*?

Sir Toby. Yes, yes, 'tis too bare-fac'd; you shall play no more. Come, *Sir Nicholas*, we'll adjourn to the Cellar, and get honestly drunk together; thou shalt play no more, I hate Play: I ne'er knew a wise Man follow it, or an honest Man thrive by it. Along, Sir, come!

Sir Nich. Why, and I hate drinking too, why must I drink?

Bounce. Why! because you must; Is not that a Reason?

Sir Nich. Oh, Lord! Oh! [*They bale him out.*]

SCENE, the Street, before Sir Anthony's Door.

Enter Mrs. Scrape, like a young Officer, and her Brother's Serjeant.

Mrs. Scrape. So! all fast I see! we'll take a turn, they'll rise soon, sure——But am I compleatly set out! Do my Brother's Accoutrements set well upon me?

Serj. So admirably, that you are as brisk, and as fierce an Officer, as the best of 'em; you are so like your Brother, that 'tis amazing! Had I not been privy to the Design, I should have sworn you had been my Captain.

Mrs. Scrape. That Likeness suits my Design; my Husband knows nothing of my Brother, has only heard how much we are alike, that I, being dress'd in Man's Clothes, we could hardly be distinguish'd: But do I strut, cock, and look fierce enough?

Serj. To a Miracle! But I wonder you did not trust your Design to your Brother, of frightening your Husband into good Terms.

Mrs. Scrape.

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Mrs. Scrape. His Resentment of my bad Usage is too keen, I durst not trust his Passion in it; besides, it's the Right of an *English* Woman to hector her own Husband, and, I faith, I'll have him under Command now, or press him for *Flanders*.

Serj. Bravely resolv'd.

Mrs. Scrape. I'll teach Husbands to provoke their own Flesh; I'll make such an Example of him, that all Husbands shall be warn'd how they, by Injuries, sour their Wives Love into Revenge, or their Meekness into Rage. I know he's a Coward, as all Tyrants are, and I'll frighten him out of his Money, as dearly as he loves it, to save his Life, I'll warrant. Do you but get him into some proper Place, and let me alone for the rest.

Serj. I will, Madam: S'heart! I shall forget to call you Captain.

Mrs. Scrape. Well, I shall strut, look big, and huff enough for a Captain, I warrant you. By your Leave, Modesty, a desperate Ill must have a desperate Cure; but these Words of Command stick in my Throat, and I cannot swear worth a Farthing.

Serj. Oh, Use! Use! 'tis nothing but Use.

Mrs. Scrape. Well, I'll try. Let me con them. — Even your Ranks! Straiten your Files! Shoulder all! Rest your Arms! To the right, to the right! To the left, to the left! Damme, what aukward Rogue's this?

[*Canes the Serjeant.*

Serj. Oh brave Captain! Well done! But 'twas a little of the hardest.

Mrs. Scrape. I'll warrant you, I'll lay it on; let me alone for Discipline.

When old Men doat, grown Children once agen,
And teaze their Wives, and rule, as they were Men;
Grow causeless jealous, stingy and morose,
As if not join'd for better, but for worse;
Wives hence such Dolts depose, your Youth beguil'd,
Nor ever spare the Rod, nor spoil the Grey-beard Child.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, at Sir Anthony's.

(Mrs. Scrape and Serjeant.)

Mrs. Scrape. **W**HAT, no Servants to be seen! a mighty orderly House, this! you must guard me.

Serj. I warrant you, Captain. They have been roaring all Night, and are now fast asleep, I suppose.

Enter Steward.

Oh! here's one.

Mrs. Scrape. I must needs speak with Sir *Anthony Wildwit*. Pray let him know I wait for him. My Business is earnest.

Stew. I shall, Sir.

[Exit Steward.]

Mrs. Scrape. You are sure my Husband is here?

Serj. Yes, one of the Watch told me, that when they were beaten, Sir *Anthony* took him Prisoner.

Enter Sir Anthony.

Mrs. Scrape. This is Sir *Anthony*. Sir, your most humble Servant. I hope you'll excuse this Disturbance, when you know my Business.

Sir Ant. A Gentleman's Commands can never disturb me.

Mrs. Scrape. Sir, I am Brother to the unfortunate *Mrs. Scrape*, the Wife of a wretched Usurer, who, I am inform'd, is in your House.

Sir Ant. He is, Sir; but I should have taken you for her herself, in Man's Habit.

Serj. A Woman! He has been my Captain abroad these four Years; if you had seen what brave Actions he has

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46 *The* P R O D I G A L.

has perform'd, in the Midst of Fire and Smoke, you wou'dn't take him for a Woman.

Mrs. Scrape. I don't much wonder at your Mistake; for, just before I went out of *England*, she was dress'd in a Suit of my Clothes, and we were so alike, as hardly to be distinguish'd.

Sir Ant. Indeed I have heard there was a strange Likeness betwixt you, the very Look and Voice; Hah!

Mrs. Scrape. But, Sir, if I am inform'd right, you cannot mistake, for she's in your House.

Sir Ant. She is not, upon my Honour. This is most amazing! I never saw such Likeness! they speak so like too!

Mrs. Scrape. If he be here, I beg you'll deliver him over to me, to be us'd as he deserves, for the Barbarity he has practis'd on my Sister.

Sir Ant. With all my Heart, Sir, use him at your Discretion, my House is free for you. D'ye hear, Steward? bid all my Servants be at the Captain's Command. — I should have almost sworn it had been she.

Mrs. Scrape. I give you many Thanks for this Favour, and should be glad to serve you with my Sword.

Sir Ant. You honour me, Sir. Fetch down *Scrape* and his Man. I'll go dress, and wait on you immediately. I beg you'll command my House. [*Exit Sir Ant.*]

Mrs. Scrape. You are very generous and obliging. — So, thus far I have acted the Captain well enough.

Enter Scrape and Timothy.

Serj. Oh! here are the Rascals, Captain!

Mrs. Scrape. Which is *Scrape*? that old Fellow!

Scrape. Look, *Timothy*, was ever any one so like my damn'd Wife? O Lard! 'tis her Brother to be sure, by the Description.

Mrs. Scrape. Is your Name *Scrape*?

Scrape. Her very Voice too, *Timothy*!

Mrs. Scrape. Speak, you Rascal! Are you that damn'd Fellow, *Scrape*, that marry'd my Sister? — My Name is *Bevil*. *Scrape.*

The PRODIGAL. 47

Scrape. I did marry one *Bevil*; and, if I did not see you in this Accoutrement, I should take you for her.

Mrs. Scrape. Her! had you done me such Injuries as she has suffer'd thousands from you, I had cut your Throat long since; but you know, old villainous Murderer, I am not she; I have been at her House, she's missing, and I doubt not but you have kill'd her, and, if she is not immediately found, I'll have your Blood for it.

Scrape. Ha! um! — It must be he. I murder her! Heavens forbid! she run away from me, and I believe is in this House playing the Whore with Sir *Anthony*.

Mrs. Scrape. Villain, thou'ly'st! [*She canes him.*] — I know her Virtue; all thy damn'd Generation put together have not half her Honesty.

Scrape. What will become of me? I tremble all over! 'Tis he, I heard his Drums beat yesterday.

Mrs. Scrape. I see your Conscience smites you; had not she been murder'd, she'd have come to some of her Relations. Prepare, old Viper, and pray, for thou hast not a Quarter of an Hour to live, upon my Honour.

Tim. Good Sir, let me go; if she be kill'd, Heaven knows I had no Hand in her Murder.

Mrs. Scrape. Sirrah, stay, or I'll knock your Brains out. [*Canes him.*]

Tim. I see it is her Brother, by his hard Blows, he had a great Kindness for me.

Mrs. Scrape. Kneel and pray, or, by Heav'n, I'll kill you before you prepare.

Scrape. I cannot pray, I cannot prepare. What have I done?

Mrs. Scrape. Murder'd my Sister; or, she has been so abused by you, that nothing but your Life shall satisfy. I'll do my Country the good Service to rid it of such a Monster, however.

Tim. Take your Course. — If he was dead, I should eat again.

Mrs. Scrape. I'll stay no longer; have at you.

[*Offers at him.*
Scrape.]

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Scrape. Hold, hold! sweet Sir! good Brother Captain, do but adjourn the Execution till I go home and settle my Affairs, and I'll wait on you again.

Mrs. Scrape. No, Villain, thou shalt die now : At ye—

Scrape. Oh Heavens! I cannot endure it. I cannot pray. Do not murder my Soul ; I have been a great Sinner ; have wronged many young Orphans, and comfortless Widows.

Tim. And starv'd your Servants.

Scrape. Besides, upon the Word of a dying Man, your Sister ran away from me ; I lock'd her up indeed, to save the Honour of your Family, for she is a most salacious Woman.

Mrs. Scrape. He angers me to the Quick, with that. Thou ly'st, old Dotard, thou dy'st for that.

[*Offers again at him.*

Scrape. Oh! hold, hold! Let me but live to repent awhile ; I do confess I have wrong'd her.

Serj. Hold, Sir, spare his Life.

Scrape. Thank you, good Sir.

Mrs. Scrape. Dissuade me not.

Scrape. Hold, hold! my Man can tell you she ran away.

Tim. She did indeed ; I help'd her Escape ; she had reason to run i'faith !

Serj. Hear me, good Captain ; your Recruits are not full yet ; he seems to be a lusty old Fellow, and can carry Arms yet.

Mrs. Scrape. Say you so?

Scrape. What a Devil says he? Arms! that's as bad.

Mrs. Scrape. If you think so, take him to your Custody. When he's in *Flanders*, if I hear not of my Sister in a reasonable Time, I'll kill him. In the mean time I'll put him into the Van on all Occasions.

Scrape. Sir, Sir! why Captain! noble Captain! I'm a most hideous Coward ; I shall run away, and spoil all your Men.

Mrs. Scrape. If you do, I'll hang you. No resisting! Here, take a Shilling.

Scrape.

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Scrape. I must confess, I have a great Respect for a Shilling; I never could refuse one in my Life.

Mrs. Scrape. Enroll his Name, and put on his Coat.

Scrape. Now, I hope, you'll let me go upon my Parole, to furnish myself with Necessaries.

Serj. No, we'll furnish you; you are listed now; and if you run from your Colours, you'll be shot or hang'd, according to Law.

Scrape. Heav'n! what am I condemn'd to? But there is Law, and I have Friends.

Mrs. Scrape. You lie, Sirrah! you have no Friends; and for Law, I'll let you know that *Inter Arma silent Leges*. Put a Coat on his Man too; list him; there's a Shilling.

Tim. What shall I do? I am a vile Coward! I'm as much afraid of Guns as *Indians* or Wild-beasts are.

Serj. Come, Sirrah! put it on. What's your Name?

Tim. My Name is *Timothy*.

Mrs. Scrape. Carry them into the Court, and teach them the Use of their Arms; but, d'ye hear, Serjeant? be within Call.

[Exit Mrs. Scrape.]

Serj. Come, honest Comrade, *Scrape*, give me thy Hand.

Scrape. Pox o' your Comradeship! I desire no such base Company. Did ever I think to be Comrade with such a Fellow?

Tim. Now must I learn to lie rough, filch Linnen, steal Poultry, lie with a Sutler's Wife, and be lousy. Now, Master, give me your Hand; we are Comrades too.

Scrape. Rogue, I shall live to remember you. What shall I do? All my Writings will be embezzled; I shall be utterly ruin'd; my Mortgages lost; my Money conceal'd. Oh! —

Tim. Fear not, Sir; you'll live better upon Eight-pence a Day than ever you did; I make no doubt but you'll save Money at the Year's End to put out to Use: For my Part, I'm glad I shall wear Cloaths, and eat.

Scrape. Now, Serjeant, your Captain's gone; honest Comrade, 'tis in your Power to oblige yourself and me

E

very

very much; I'll give you ten Shillings, and your own again, if you'll let me escape.

Scrape. I'll give you Eleven, good Comrade, do.

Serj. No, no, I'll not be cashier'd for you.

Scrape. Cashier me, I'll give you twelve Shillings.

Serj. Go out, I say, or I'll send you.

Scrape. I'll give thirteen; have you no Mercy in you?

Serj. Out, or I knock you down. The Rogue bids for his Liberty as if it was Stock at Twelve-pence a Gleek.

Enter Sir Anthony, Mrs. Scrape, Gayly and Freeman.

Gayly. Was there ever such a Likeness as between the Captain and his Sister?

Free. It is prodigious! This is a very effeminate Man to look to; and they report him to be a brave Fellow.

Mrs. Scrape. You oblige me beyond Return.

Sir Ant. I have often heard of your Worth, and am happy in this Opportunity of knowing you. My House is a House of Freedom, pray command it. If you have a Mind to a handsome Wench, as it's no great Question in a young Officer, you shall have her.

Enter Harriot, Charlotte, and Isabella.

Mrs Scrape. To us that have been in Camp, that's no ill Proposal; and faith, Gentlemen, you shall find me a Man at Arms in all Points.

Sir Ant. In the mean Time here's my Mistress, I but bar her; but the other two, if you can win 'em, do.

Mrs. Scrap. And faith, I'll try 'em; I'm resolv'd to carry on the Frolick as far as it will go. [*Aside.*

Sir Ant. This is the Captain that's so like his Sister.

[*Presenting him.*

Har. There's a strange Resemblance betwixt 'em.

Isab. I never saw one so like another, Days of my Breath.

Char. He's a mighty pretty Man.

Isab. A fine Gentleman, as ever I saw.

Gayly. Hah! I like not these Proceedings. This beardless Officer will be too hard for us.

Free. Oh! these Wenches love a Fellow with a Scarf or an Arse-Belt, mightily.

Har.

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Har. My Dear, I have a Lawyer and Writings ready for that Settlement thou wert pleas'd to promise me, if thou wilt dispatch it now, not that I desire it, but in case of Mortality; for while thou livest, I desire nothing but thee, and when thou art dead 'twill do me little Good, for I shall scarce out-live thee; so I am very indifferent, do as thou wilt.

Sir Ant. No. — Come, my Dear, I'll dispatch it now. Sir, your Pardon for a Moment. [*Exit Sir Ant. and Har.*]

Gayly. Pr'ythee let's withdraw, and observe 'em a little.

Free. Sir, we'll wait on you suddenly; in the mean time we'll leave the Ladies with you. [*Exit both.*]

Mrs. Scrape. Your Servant. These Ladies, I humbly conceive, are Whores, or they would not be here. — How the Duce shall I talk to 'em both? [*Aside.*]

Isa. Well, he's the prettiest Man that ever was born.

Char. You cannot have been long a Soldier, you are so young and smooth-fac'd.

Mrs. Scrape. I have no Youth, but what's at the Lady's Service.

Isab. Pray, what Manner of Ladies have you beyond-Sea?

Mrs. Scrape. Not half so pretty as the *English* Ladies.

Isab. How do they make Love?

Mrs. Scrape. Faith, Madam, we fall aboard as fast as we can. Thus, and thus, [*Kisses 'em*] and thus, and thus, [*Again.*]

Charl. Hold, hold! Sir, you're very brisk.

Isab. Well, he's a pretty good-natur'd Thing, I warrant him.

Char. Have you been in Battles? I see you're valiant.

Mrs. Scrape. Yes, many; I have been us'd to Fire and Smoke, and Cannon, Yells of Matrons, Groans of dying Men, and cannot boggle at a Lady: As for Example. [*Kisses again.*]

Isab. He's a gallant Officer, no doubt.

Char. You are a rare Man! you think to storm a Lady, and carry her by Fire and Sword, I warrant.

Mrs. Scrape. [*To Char.*] My Time is but short; I wish I were rid of her, that I might tell you how much I love you;

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you; and if you wou'dn't believe my Words, to shew it by my Actions.

Char. You flatter me. I'm infinitely pleas'd with this Captain.

Isab. Captain, one Word with you.

Mrs. Scrape. [*To Isabella.*] Dear, pretty Creature, how you transport me! If yon Lady was absent, I have such a Passion to disclose to you! —

Enter Freeman and Gayly.

Isab. A most admirable Man! Sir, I should be sorry to be thought ungrateful.

Gayly. What a Condition are we in? S'heart! they'll ravish him!

Free. These Wenches are stark-mad after smooth'-fac'd, fighting Fellows, let them be ever such Puppies.

Mrs. Scrape. [*To Char.*] Dear, pretty Rogue, you're the sweetest Creature I ever saw, and she most disagreeable; I wish we were alone.

Char. You compliment me. He's a fine-bred Man! What a Mein he has!

Isab. By your Leave, sweet Captain, I fancy you had little Resistance from the Ladies in *Flanders*.

Mrs. Scrape. I should be overjoy'd to meet none from thee, were we alone.

Isab. Are we not uncivil to leave Madam *Harriot* alone? If you'll go to her, I'll come presently.

Char. I am not to be taught Civility by you, good Madam; go yourself.

Isab. Nor I to be taught by you, an you go to that.

Gayly. Very fine! they'll fight for him by and by.

Char. But, Captain!

Isab. I'll tell you, Captain!

Char. Is that Breeding, Madam, to interrupt one in Speaking?

Isab. Tell me of Breeding! There has been some Difference, I hope.

Char. Yes, to my Advantage, tho', S'life, your Breeding!

Free. We are like to have pretty constant Mistresses if we get 'em.

Mrs. Scrape.

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Mrs. Scrape. So, I'm a pretty Fellow; I have got the Hearts of both, and now fear I shall find it harder to get rid of them.

Char. Confident Creature! I wonder at your Impertinence.

Ifab. Thou art below my Anger, saucy Thing; I know thee.

Mrs. Scrape. Nay, Ladies, hold, let this go no farther; I am an Officer, and must prevent Mischief, i'faith.

Ifab. At your Command, good Captain, I shall desist.

Char. In your Presence, sweet Captain, I shall say no more.

[*Gayly and Freeman appear.*]

Gayly. 'Tis Time to appear, this young Fellow else will have them both.

Free. What, at Wars, Lady? you are a happy Man, Captain.

Gayly. And a brisk one at a Woman, I see that.

Mrs. Scrape. We that come from the Camp are pretty sharp set, and seldom over bashful.

Gayly. I see, Madam, you can be gracious to the Captain, tho' you are cruel to me.

Char. What, because I shew a little outward Civility; tho' he's the prettiest Gentleman I ever saw! But, Captain, as we were saying——

Gayly. Very fine!

Free. I see you are most infinitely taken with the Captain; but I cannot get a good Look of you.

Ifab. Lord! wou'dn't you have one well bred to a Stranger? But, Captain, you were saying something to me e'en now.

Gayly. This is excellent; I see we must rout the Captain, or lose the Wenches.

Free. Pox on all these whiffling young Officers! all the Whores run mad after 'em; and a good substantial Whore-master cannot keep one in quiet for 'em.

Enter Sir Anthony.

Sir Ant. Captain, your humble Servant; there's a Col-lation without waits you, and my Friends here; I beg the Favour of your Company.

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Mrs. Scrape. I will but see how my two new Soldiers are dispos'd of, and I'll wait on you. Don't stay for me, I beseech you.

Sir Ant. Ladies! do you retire, there may be drinking.

Ifab. Your Servant, sweet Captain.

Char. Your humble Servant, good Captain.

[*Exit all but Mrs. Scrape.*

Mrs. Scrape. What shall I do amongst them, I cannot drink; yet I have some Curiosity to see what it is that charms Men to sit up whole Nights at Eating-Houses and Taverns! What a Farce will this be when I am discover'd! Poor Wenches! how miserably shall I disappoint 'em.

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir Anthony, Gayly, Freeman, Sir Toby, Bounce, and Bluster.

Sir Ant. Come, *Sir Toby!* we're going to carouse; are you ready for a Bottle?

Sir Toby. Ready! I warrant you! I have lain rough and recruited, I need less Baiting than a Carrier's Horse; we'll be merry, and roar extremely.

Enter Mrs. Scrape and Serjeant.

Sir Ant. Take your Course; Captain, your most humble Servant. *Sir Toby,* this is the Captain you heard of.

Sir Toby. I know him, and shan't forget to drink his Health in a Bumper, by and by; what! a lusty Bottle will bring us acquainted, I warrant you.

Mrs. Scrape. *Sir Anthony,* I shall desire my Liberty; Wine does not agree with me, I never drink hard.

Sir Ant. Every Gentleman is free in my House.

Sir Toby. Hey! we shall have fine Work indeed. What a Devil, a Captain and can't drink! can you whore?

Mrs. Scrape. So, so; well enough for a young Beginner.

Sir Toby. Not drink! s'heart! a Man is not fit for a Captain that cannot drink! shall I ask you a Question? can you fight?

Sir

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Sir Ant. Hold, good *Sir Toby*, no bullying here.

Mrs. Scrape. You had best try, if you dare; s'death! what a Question was there? Scoundrel! this Company preserves thy Life.

Sir Toby. I have done, I have done; ha! *Bounce*, he's damn'd stout, I believe.

Mrs. Scrape. I could tell thee Actions I have been in would freeze thy Blood to hear of! Fight, quoth'a! can'st thou fight up to the Knees in Blood? at Mid-night, with no other Light than what the Guns make, with Shot like Hail about thy Ears; clamber over Mountains of dead Bodies, and fight thy Way to a General's Tent, and bring the General Prisoner thro' all his Myrmidons? hah!

Sir Toby. Sir, I beg your Pardon; I believe 'it. He's a plaguy stout Fellow.

Mrs. Scrape. 'Tisn't your best Way to question it. Can you lead up your Soldiers to a Wall and scale it, when Bullets, melted Pitch, and Sulphur rain upon you? Fight! the Man ne'er liv'd that ask'd me that Question yet.

Sir Toby. S'heart, he'll cut my Throat;—Sir, I beg your Pardon, I say.

Sir Ant. Come, Captain, 'tis enough; we'll have a Song.

Mrs. Scrape. With all my Heart; I'll call my Serjeant to sing one.

S O N G.

*Hark! bark! the Trumpet sounds to War,
Rouse all ye Petit-Maitres,
Who lear, and tofs, and smirk, begar,
Like some French Fidlers Daughters:
Who travel raw to France and Rome,
To learn de pretty Fancy;
Then rotten-ripe come cap'ring home,
Sirs, Alamode de France.*

*Who truck for foreign Modes and Vice
Your native Worth and Grandeur,
And grow extotick in a Trice,
As Hottentot, or Pandour.*

*You that on Frogs and Toad-stools feast,
And banish Beef the Table,
As Reptile had out-swoln the Beast,
In spite of Fact and Fable.*

*Good Beef no more, nor Pudding flout,
Nor slight your Wine o' Barley;
Such ever made the Britons stout,
And Frenchmen beat a Parley:
Such hence made mighty Julius fly,
His Legions swift retreating;
Who, drub'd, ne'er dreamt of Victory,
But triumph'd for a Beating.*

*Then chuse, you Cbits, which Side to take,
There needs no Hesitation;
Here, Fame and Fortune lie at Stake,
There, Fooleries and Fashion.
Defiance bid to France and Rome,
With British Resolution;
It's time to learn to live at home,
And guard the Constitution.*

Sir Toby. Phoo! Pox; this is a pretty musical Business; but does not make a Man merry. I'll sing you a Song.

S O N G.

*I love somebody, I love nobody,
Somebody, nobody, dearly, &c.*

Ha! I think this is well, hah!

Mrs. Scrape. Bravo! a merry Fellow; give me thy Hand.

Sir Toby. I am your humble Servant to command; I love a brave Fellow.

Mrs. Scrape. Come, Gentlemen I have provided some Entertainment for you; you shall see my two new Soldiers exercise; fetch 'em in, Serjeant. [Exit Serjeant.

Sir

Sir Ant. You have found out an admirable Way to plague an old cowardly Usurer, to make a Soldier of him.

Mrs. Scrape. I warrant I'll plague him e'er I have done.

Enter Serjeant with Scrape and Timothy.

Scrape. Well, there's Law, Sir——yet I say.

Mrs. Scrape. S'heart, does he talk of Law again? Knock him o' the Head.

Scrape. Hold ! hold ! I say no more.

Mrs. Scrape. Next Tide he takes Boat, and away for Flanders.

Sir Toby. Oh ! honest *Scrape* ! art thou turn'd Soldier? thou art a good hopeful Musketeer of thy Age.

Bluster. A pretty old Fellow, and stands lustily under a Musket.

Bounce. A brave old Soldier, i'faith ! he'll out-face a Cannon, I warrant.

Scrape. What's all this to you, you Coxcombs?—Well, I shall out-live all these Rogues; and it may turn to my Profit.

Mrs. Scrape. Order your Arms. [*they poise their Muskets.*] Did you ever see such Rascals? order your Arms thus——set 'em down; take that, to make you remember another time. [*She canes 'em.*]

Scrape. I must suffer, there's no Remedy.

Mrs. Scrape. Poise your Muskets.

Tim. What a Devil must we do now?

Mrs. Scrape. Poise your Muskets; thus, you Rascals. Pox on you, for dull Rogues. [*Strikes 'em again.*]

Scrape. Well, so we do; what a Devil wou'd you have? [*Poises his Musket with both Hands.*]

Mrs. Scrape. What, with both Hands?

Serj. In one Hand, thus.

Tim. Well, thus then.

Mrs. Scrape. Shoulder.

[*They put 'em on the wrong Shoulder.*]

Serj. That's on the wrong Shoulder.

Mrs. Scrape. On the other Shoulder, you Blockheads; you have less Sense than Posts.

Scrape.

Scrape. Ay, I am so dull, you had better let me go.

Mrs. Scrape. I'll make you do it——Shoulder, I say, march.

Scrape. Thank you, Sir, with all my Heart that : We will march. [*They lay down their Arms, and offer to go.*

Mrs. Scrape. Is that your marching? Take up your Arms, Rogues, I'll run you through else: Take 'em up, I say. [*Canes 'em.*

Scrape. Well, well, what a Devil would you have, did you not bid us march?

Mrs. Scrape. I'll march ye before the Mouth of a Canon, before I have done.

Scrape. Oh, damn'd Tyrant! I must try to compound with him.

Sir Ant. This is admirable Discipline, indeed Captain.

Enter Steward.

Stew. Sir *Toby*, Mr. *Bounce*, and Mr. *Bluster*, take Care, and shift for yourselves. There are threescore Bailiffs waiting for you in the Street; they have beset the House round, that there is no Possibility of escaping.

Sir Toby. O Heaven! what shall I do? If I be once carried to Goal, I shall lye and rot there: Hold, let me see.

Bluster. We shall starve if we go to Prison.

Bounce. Let us think of some Way, they are too many for us to beat.

Sir Toby. Captain, if you will do us the Favour to send for three red Coats, and own us for your Soldiers, we may escape.

Bluster. A rare Way!

Bounce. An excellent Way! good Captain, favour us.

Mrs. Scrape. Serjeant, a Bundle of red Coats here; but I cannot, in Honour, pass you for my Soldiers, unless you be so.—If you will take each a Shilling of me, and be listed, you may; otherwise I can do you no good.

Sir Toby.

Bluster.

Bounce.

} With all our Hearts.

Enter

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Enter Serjeant with red Coats.

Mrs. Scrape. There's Twelve-pence a-piece. *Serjeant*, take their Names. I shall order them too—I'll teach 'em to roar and bully up and down the Town. Get their Coats and Bandeleers on.

Tim. Come on, Comrades, Fellow-Soldiers, give me your Hands all, —the more the merrier.

Sir Toby. How now, saucy Rogue!—Do you long very much for a broken Head?—So, how do these Accoutrements become us?

Gayly. O rarely. You are the fiercest Soldiers I have seen.

Sir Toby. Now, noble Captain, we'll march under your Command.

Scrape. A Soldier must I be? Here's Company for the Devil.

Mrs. Scrape. Come, we'll go into the Court-yard; there I'll exercise ye, and send for the Head-bailiff, and let him know you are my Soldiers.

Sir Toby. Very well, I vow, that will do rarely.

Sir Ant. Come, Gentlemen, in the mean Time, we'll to the Women. Your Servant, Captain.

[*Exit Sir Anthony, Gayly, and Freeman.*]

Mrs. Scrape. Your Servant. Was e'er Design so well begun, and hopefully carried on? They all take me for my Twin-brother.

Serj. I, that know you both, don't wonder at it.

Mrs. Scrape. Come, Soldiers, march, march, I say.

[*Exeunt.*]

A War abroad! when Feuds domestick rise!
 All States have held their noblest Exercise;
 To breathe, to bleed, give noxious Humours vent,
 New Edge the Laws, give Pow'r an easy Bent;
 And all Estates unite, and Int'rests all cement.



A C T



A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *continues.**Enter Sir Anthony, Gayly, and Freeman.*

Gayly. **P**R'ythee, *Sir Anthony*, let's not leave off our Debauch, but drink on: We have just wound ourselves up, and tun'd our Instruments, and now we give over playing.

Free. 'Tis unreasonable—I wou'd as soon turn my Back on the Woman I lov'd, just when I had gotten her Consent, as leave my Bottle now.

Sir Ant. I do confess I am an *Epicurean* in this, and in every Thing. I'd go no farther than the pleasing of my Senses: I wou'd have just so much Wine as would give me an Appetite to Woman, and just so much Woman as would give me a Desire to Wine.

Gayly. After a Bottle and a half, the Man that cries *Consider*, is my Foe.

Free. This has but rais'd me.

Sir Ant. Faith, Gentlemen, we have had the best of ourselves; we have drawn off the Spirit, and what remains is Flegm.

Gayly. We have but just kindled the Fire, and you wou'd put it out.

Sir Ant. Rather than that should put me out.

Free. No, 'twill make our Souls burn clearer.

Sir Ant. We Northern People, that want the Sun without, ought to put good Store of Wine, and create a Sun within us.

Free. That's right, to our Cellary again.

Sir Ant. 'Tis pleasant while it's Flood; but we ebb and grow dull, after a little while.

Gayly. Pr'ythee don't think to simlize us out of our Bottles.

Sir Ant.

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Sir Ant. Nay, if you be resolv'd, you shall find me coy no longer.

Free. I knew he'd come too at last: But thou art such a jilting Drunkard.

Enter Steward.

Stew. I bring you News, will stop you in your Career of Mirth — I can scarce tell it for weeping.

Sir Ant. What means the Fellow?

Stew. I little thought to see this Day.

Sir Ant. A Pox of your Formality! out with your dismal News.

Stew. All your Land in *Essex* is extended by your Creditors, and your Furniture, the richest in the Country, all seiz'd upon.

Sir Ant. What does the Fool say?

Stew. I would you had ta'en the Fool's Advice, it hadn't been thus. I remember when my old Master purchas'd it, and little thought I shou'd see it go out of the Family again; but now there's no Remedy; for all the Land you had free, you have this Day settled on your Mistress — Whore.

Sir Ant. S'Death! is this true, thou tell'st me?

Stew. Too true, wou'd to Heaven it were not! Your Bailiff, who is turn'd out of Possession, is come up with the News: And all this Money is spent upon Rogues and Whores. You have taken up Commodities upon Judgments, most of which you sold again for half the Value.

Sir Ant. This is surprizing News! What a Damp it has struck upon me! — I begin to come to myself now.

Steward. Many a good *Christmas* has my old Master kept there; and must it now be parted from his Family?

Sir Ant. Gentlemen, my Friends, if you would oblige me so much as to be bound with me for a Sum of Money, to stop these ravenous Creditors' Mouths, for the present, I'll sell my Timber, and redeem my House and Lands afterwards, and secure you in the mean Time.

Gayly. How, Sir! be bound! Your Steward says, you have no Land to give Counter-Security with. I shou'd be glad to serve you.

Free.

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Free. I'll venture my Life for you, whenever you command me; but, for being bound, you must excuse me. I have taken an Oath against that; besides, if we wou'd, you cannot give Counter-Security.

Sir Ant. So! this is the World, I find; yet I was unwilling to believe the Companions of all my Pleasures and Extravagancies, who have help'd to spend me so many Thousands, could have deserted me: But, I thank ye, Gentlemen, for clearing my Understanding; 'tis time to be sober now; I'll try some other way. —
A desperate Ill must have a desperate Cure.

[*Exit Sir Anthony.*]

Stew. So! what is become of my Employment? 'Tis not Worth above six Hour's Purchase. — That I shou'd live to see this! [*Exit.*]

Gayly. So, here ends all our Revelling in this House; this is a sudden Turn!

Free. Beyond Expectation! What a Coxcomb he was to run out so!

Gayly. Indeed I never thought he had much in him; but this was such a Folly, I am ashamed of him!

Free. I'd leave him this Moment; but *Isabella* runs so in my Mind. I must have her, tho' I keep —

Gayly. I'm in the same Taking with *Charlotte*; but we must watch 'em well, I find, or they'll go astray.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mrs. Scrape and Charlotte.

Mrs. Scrape. S'life! What shall I do? These Wenches will over-run me!

Char. Dear Captain, I must confess, for all my Modesty, that I'm transported with the Assurance of your Love: I am not ashamed to say, you are the first that ever won my Heart, and shall be the last to whom I'll give it.

Mrs. Scrape. And 'tis a Treasure I'll never part with; Come, seal the Promise with a Kiss.

Char. O thou sweet Creature! I can deny thee nothing.

Mrs. Scrape. We're so watch'd by that troublesome Creature, *Isabella*. *Char.*

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Char. This House is large, and if, in an Hour, you'll meet me at the further End of the long Gallery, there's a Room with Windows close shut, where we may discourse further of our Love.

Mrs. Scrape. Discourse! No, no; I'm too sharp set for that. I shall so kiss thee!

Char. Well, thou'rt a pretty Rogue, I vow. [*Exit Char.*

> *Enter Isabella.*

Mrs. Scrape. O! my dear sweet one! now that malicious Woman's gone, I can tell thee how much I love thee.

Isab. Me! why, did you kiss her then?

Mrs. Scrape. She wou'd kiss me; but I shall make such an Ass of her! ———

Isab. Nay, but will you tho', dear Captain?

Mrs. Scrape. Will I? why, I hate her; methinks she's ugly.

Isab. Indeed, I think she's not handsome; that is the Short and the Long on't.

Mrs. Scrape. Handsome! thou art an Angel to her.

[*Kisses her.*

Isab. Nay, be quiet now; I vow, you make me blush. Yet I cannot help telling you, that you are the prettiest Man I ever saw.

Mrs. Scrape. Thou know'st not half that's in me! We're watch'd now; but meet me in an Hour in the dark Room, at the further End of the Gallery, and you shall find me a Lion.

Isab. And you wou'd have me your Lamb then. Well, I'll meet, and venture you. Farewel. [*Exit Isab.*

Mrs. Scrape. These are good, constant Turtles, these Kept-Ladies, I'll say that for 'em; and good Publick-spirited Men the Keepers, to maintain Women to wear Perfumes for the Use of others.

Enter Serjeant.

Oh Serjeant! what Effect of your Negotiation with my Husband?

Serj. Very little; for when I told him my Captain propos'd to have the three thousand Pounds his Sister brought,

brought, paid back again, or four hundred Pounds *per Annum*, as a separate Maintenance, he started, stamp'd and star'd like a Mad-man; bid me shoot him, or cut his Throat, rather than give him such Words.

Mrs. Scrape. Indeed, that was very ill Language to him.

Serj. I told him, at last, there was no other Composition to be made, but he must next Tide to *Flanders*, to fight for the Queen of *Hungary*; where he would be put upon the most desperate Actions with *Hussars*, and *Pandours*, or if he came off there, the Captain would certainly kill him for the Injuries he had done his Sister; so I left him cursing in Despair.

Mrs. Scrape. 'Tis a great Question whether he had rather die, or part with his Money; but I'll try one Experiment more, and if I cannot get it by Stratagem, away he goes with my Brother to *Flanders*! while I take Possession of his Writings, and rob him; I'll exercise him first, and swinge the Bullies too. Have you the Musqueteers ready.

Serj. I have.

Mrs. Scrape. Come on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Anthony and Harriot.

Sir Ant. I have search'd you out, my Dear, to confer with you about something that much concerns our Honour and our Love.

Har. And I am glad of this Occasion, *Sir Anthony*, of telling you of some Things that much concern your Honour and your want of Love. D'ye think, *Sir*, I'll be valu'd at the Rate of common kept Mistresses?

Sir Ant. O Heavens! I have been a fine Coxcomb indeed!

Har. D'ye think, *Sir*, that I, who have so conscientiously kept myself yours, will suffer such monstrous Debauchery in my House?

Sir Ant. Pray, *Madam*, how long has it been yours?

Har. Oh! *Sir*, ever since you settled it; and now it's as much mine as if it had descended to me from my Ancestors.

Sir

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Sir Ant. But to whose Bounty do you owe it, Madam?

Har. Why, Sir, to your Love I thought I ow'd it; and my own Faith and Constancy.

Sir Ant. Most excellent!

Har. And can you think, Sir, that I, who sacrific'd myself to you without the usual Settlements in such Cases, will, when I have gain'd that Point, suffer such Disorders any longer in my House?

Sir Ant. So! I have fool'd away my Estate then, and Liberty to-boot. O! curs'd Extravagance and want of Thinking!

Har. O! Sir, you have found it out then! But you was too well-bred to think, or your Settlements and Mortgages had not run away with your Estate thus! However, having such a miserable Instance before me, it's time for me to learn to avoid such fatal Consequences: Therefore, Sir, I shall instantly discharge your riotous Companions, those filthy Whores, and even those kept Mistresses brought into my House, so much against my Liking, that it even melts me into Tears to think you cou'd use me so unworthily.

Sir Ant. Madam, pray be pacify'd; your House is henceforth entirely under your own Direction; my Misfortunes have not only freed me from all my riotous Companions, but has so far clear'd my Understanding, that I now much more regret the Means of my Undoing, than the Consequences. Farewel! [Going.]

Har. Poor Gentleman! how his Misfortunes affect me! [Aside.] But pray, Sir *Anthony*, whither do you think to go?

Sir Ant. I know not yet; any where, but here; but from myself I find I cannot go. [Going.]

Har. Oh! Heaven be prais'd! this is the Change I wish'd for! Pray stay, Sir; since so fine a Gentleman as Sir *Anthony Wildwit* has condescended to make a sober Use of his Senses, I would do every Thing in my Power to make him happy. Here, Sir, I'll give you this again; [Giving back her Settlement] which late your Love or Bounty gave me; and proud I am to prove how well I

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love you. And—now, Sir *Anthony*, farewell for—ever.
[*Going.*]

Sir Ant. Amazing Love! now I am lost indeed! stay, Heroine, stay; oh! how shall I reward thee? you must not go.
[*Pausing.*]

Har. Yes, Sir; now you can stay with Safety, I shall go; that Settlement gives you back, with this fair House, a fine Estate in *Surrey*, and for myself, my little Fortune, left me by my Father, will save me from Contempt. I'll chuse some rural, safe Retreat, and pass my future Days in Solitude. Once more, farewell.
[*Going.*]

Sir Ant. No, stay! it must not be; come to my Arms, my Heart beats to embrace thee, not as a Mistress now, but as my dearest Wife, my truest Friend, and everlasting Love.
[*Embracing.*]

Har. O, stay! Sir *Anthony*, consider well; the World will use you scurvily for this, and say you're still but more extravagant. It must not be; farewell.

[*Going again.*]

Sir Ant. Stay, dearest Love! we'll damn the World in Turn; thou art such a Friend, that for ten thousand Worlds I wou'd not part with. We've still a Fortune will supply all our real Wants; and, for superfluities, I have learn'd to live without them. Is it a Match? this House shall still be thine, and thou shalt govern it.

Har. Sir, had I Millions, still you might command me; but such Returns are far above my Merit; however, Sir, since you will have it so, with Raptures I obey.
[*Exeunt.*]

· *Enter Mrs. Scrape, Serjeant, Scrape, Timothy, Sir Toby, Bounce and Bluster.*

Mrs. Scrape. Come, where are my Soldiers? I must lose no Time, but exercise you often; for we must enter upon Action as soon as we arrive in *Flanders*.

Scrape. I'm not for any Action, but Actions upon the Case.

Mrs. Scrape. S'heart, does he mutter? tie him Neck and Heels.

Scrape.

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Scrape. Hold! hold! you'll stifle me. Hold! I say, I'll obey.

Sir Toby. Come, Captain, you have done enough with us, now you have own'd us before the Bailiffs. Let us go now.

Bluster. Good Bully-Captain, you over acted your Part tho' before the Bailiffs; you laid on too hard.

Bounce. You broke my Head too; I don't use to put up such Things.

Mrs. Scrape. O, that was nothing; I must keep good Discipline.

Sir Toby. No matter, let that pass; but now, Captain, let us go in earnest; I am weary of the Jest, it grows stale.

Mrs. Scrape. No fooling, Sir; you have received the Queen of Hungary's Money and Cloaths; and I'll make you know you are my Soldiers. Stand to your Arms all.

Sir Toby. Hah! what a Devil does he say?

Mrs. Scrape. Handle your Arms all; damme! what, am I disobey'd? I'll make you know your Officer.

[Cudgels 'em.

Bounce. 'Ounds, if you strike again, I'll draw.

Bluster. Out comes Poker, if you strike once more.

Mrs. Scrape. Nay, then have at you: Musqueteers, make ready.

Sir Toby. Make ready? hah! what a Devil does he mean?

[Enter a File of Musqueteers.

Mrs. Scrape. Present.

[Beats 'em.

Sir Toby.

Bounce. } Hold! hold! we'll obey.

Bluster.

Mrs. Scrape. S'death! you Dogs, no trifling with me; shall such Rascals as you think it enough to be drunk, and swagger, beat Bawds, kick Drawers, break Windows, and triumph in drunken Street Brawls, while we lie hard, suffer weary Marches, and fight all in Blood for our Country abroad? hah!

Sir Toby. Very fine, indeed! We've made a fine Business on't.

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Bluster. Pox o' your Project, we'd as good have been in the Bailiff's Hands.

Bounce. This damn'd Captain has ten Bullies in him.

Sir Toby. Why, a little pitiful Fellow! I thought I cou'd have beat two of him.

Mrs. Scrape. Tie them Neck and Heels: Serjeant, see it done.

Sir Toby. Nay, Captain, don't fool with us any more.

Serj. You shall find it no fooling.

[*He, with the Musketeers, tie them Neck and Heels.*

All. Why, is the Devil in you?

Mrs. Scrape. This! for Example; next Mutiny I'll hang you.—Well, old Villain! do you resolve to do my Sister Right?

Scrape. Ounds! part with three thousand Pounds; I'll die first.

Mrs. Scrape. And that thou shalt, by Heav'ns! nay more, she shall take Possession of thy Writings, thy Money, and thy Pawns, and satisfy herself.

Scrape. How! that's worst of all.

Bounce. } Good Captain, let us be unty'd, and we'll

Bluster. } obey.

Sir Toby. Pr'ythee, dear Captain, do; I will obey; I'll be a gentle Spirit.

Mrs. Scrape. Untie them. [*They untie them.*] This is call'd a Receipt to tame a Bully. I shall show you there's more than roaring goes to true Valour.—Come, handle your Arms! to the left! to the left! So, so, now march 'em to their Quarters, here in this House, and let a Centinel be plac'd on every one of 'em.

Serj. Come, march. [*They march off all but the Serj.*

Mrs. Scrape. I do not find that this old Fellow molifies at all: I'll try one Experiment more on him, and if that fails; my Brother shall carry him off, for *Flanders*, in good earnest.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. 'Tis full Time, sure the Captain's there by this.

[*Goes in.*

Enter

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Enter Charlotte.

Char. The Clock has struck; where is this dear, sweet Captain? [*Goes in.*]

Ifab. Hah! — I hear a Noise of Some-body. Who's there?

Char. 'Tis I, my Dear, where are you? [*Both grope about.*] Here, give me your Hand.

Ifab. } O, my sweet Captain! } *Both together.*

Char. } Dear, dear Captain! }

Char. Hah! What's this, a Woman!

Ifab. Heaven! What's here, a Gown and Petticoat!

Char. Mercy on's, who are you?

Ifab. What's that to you? a malicious Slut, to watch me, and spoil my Affignation.

Char. Oh! thou poor envious Fool! thy Affignation! Thou expect to meet the Captain, I know thee!

Ifab. I know you too, and wonder at your Assurance to expect the Captain. [*Harriot list'ning.*]

Har. I have trac'd 'em to this dark Room, and wonder what they want there.

Ifab. The Captain appointed me to meet him at this Time here, about a little Business.

Char. Business! I know your Business; but he has no such Intention — Pr'ythee, be gone, I am to confer with him, without being troubled with you.

Ifab. You confer!

Har. They're both here to meet the Captain, it seems, I'll fit 'em. I am the Devil come for you both.

[*In a hoarse Voice.*]

Both. Ah!

[*They shriek, and run out.*]

Enter Sir Anthony, in the Gallery, with a Parson.

Sir Ant. How now, my Dear! what's the Matter?

Har. Ha, ha, ha! Oh nothing, but I have frightened the Ladies from an Affignation with the Captain.

Sir Ant. Madam, here's a Gentleman will enable me to ratify what was promis'd. Come, my Dear, let us dispatch it. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Mrs. Scrape in Woman's Clothes, Scrape, Timothy, and Serjeant.

Scrape. Oh, Heaven and Earth! is the perfidious Jade, my Wife, here? Was ever two so alike, in Face and Nature, as these accursed Twins?

Mrs. Scrape. My Dear, look not thus strangely, for I am sadly sensible of my own Rashness, and my Brother's Cruelty.

Scrape. What's the Meaning of this? I will, if possible, make use of her to get my Liberty, and go home, and then I'll murder her. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Scrape. I am come full of Sorrow and Repentance, having been at my Brother's ever since my Escape, and not hearing of your Usage till now; if you will pardon me, I will propound some Means for your Freedom, and go home and submit wholly to your Pleasure.

Scrape. My dearest Wife, now thou art thyself agen, I shall be glad to receive thee into my Arms. I think strangling will be a very good Death for her, as can be.

[Aside.]

Mrs. Scrape. My Brother, knowing my conjugal Affection might tempt me to try for thy Liberty, confin'd me till now. — But now we have no Time to loose; something must be done to prevent this Voyage.

Scrape. Dear Heart! I can never reward thee enough. If we can get home again together, thou shalt be as free as thou can'st wish to be. — Let me see, a small Knitting-needle under her left Arm, when she's asleep, will do the Business rarely. *[Aside.]* What can'st thou propound, dear Heart?

Mrs. Scrape. Why, there's no Way left, but to seem to comply; for he's violently bent to have the Settlement of four hundred Pounds a Year, or the Sum of three thousand Pounds.

Scrape. But why didn't you refuse such Imposition. Ounds, I'll die first. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Scrape. So I did, but he grew enraged, and said, if I was a Fool, he wou'dn't, but would take Possession of

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of all your Wealth, in Trust for me, and hurry you away to *Flanders*.

Scrape. Oh! Inhumane Devil!

Mrs. Scrape. Why, my Dear, if you should sign this Deed, as he talks on, I'm your Wife; I'll give it you again when he's gone, my Dear.

Scrape. Why, wilt thou, Dear?—I'll give her Opium, that's best, then it can't be discover'd. [*Aside.*] — Poor Lamb! give me a Kiss; I'll consider on't. [*Kisses her.*] Oh! 'tis a dear Soul! Well, she takes Opium, that's for certain, for I shall never rest for her damn'd Brother, while she lives.

Serj. Go to your Quarters.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gayly and Charlotte, Freeman and Isabella.

Gayly. If you don't find me as obsequious, and as kind a Keeper as the best of them —

Char. I must confess you speak reasonably, and like a Gentleman, but I shall break Sir *Nicholas's* Heart.

Gayly. You've broken his Fortune already, and then it's no matter for his Heart.

Char. That indeed is undeniable; I can no longer resist you.

Isab. I confess, you speak so like a Gentleman, that I cannot longer deny you. — But Sir *Toby* will kill me if I leave him.

Free. Let me alone to defend the Heart I gain; besides, he's undone, a beggarly Fellow; now going a Red-coat to *Flanders*.

Isab. Indeed he has been extravagant, and I hate a Man that has run out his Fortune, I vow I do, with all my Heart.

Enter Sir Nicholas Spottey.

Sir Nich. Ah! my Dear, art thou there? I'm come at last.

Char. Get you gone, you impertinent Coxcomb! must you interrupt me when I'm talking with a Gentleman?

Sir Nich. Well, well, say no more; I'll stand by 'till you have done.

Enter

Enter Sir Anthony, Harriot, Parson, and Steward.

Sir Ant. Call in all my Servants. Now all this Company, take Notice, I am married to this Lady; here's the Canonical Officer that has joined us.

Parson. I did marry 'em as the Church appoints.

Gayly. How! married!

Free. To his Wench!

Sir Ant. Gentlemen, you may wonder; but finding myself suddenly involved, and deserted, you know, by my Friends, I thank 'em, I had no Way but to take out Letters of Reprisal against this She-pirate here, on whom my Extravagance had settled the only clear Estate I had; and she, to her immortal Honour, proved a Friend, a gentle, kind, preserving Friend! In short, touch'd with a Sense of my bad Condition, she generously gave me back her Settlement.

Ifab. } Amazing! give back her Settlement?
Char. }

Sir Ant. Ay, was it not amazing?

Harriot. I took it but on Trust; 'twas always yours, as is the Money I have sav'd; which may, perhaps, redeem some other Lands, and make us a more easy Fortune.

Sir Ant. 'Tis a noble-minded Girl, and richer than any I could hope to marry. Then where's the Absurdity for a Man to match and fit exactly a Woman he intends to pair with for Life, and yet be nice in fitting Cloaths, tho' but for a Season.

Ifab. I wish your Ladyship Joy: 'Tis a great Honour to our Function to have one of it so much advanc'd.

Char. I wish your Ladyship much Happiness; — but there's no Wife lives like one of us.

Enter Mrs. Scrape, Serjeant, Scrape, Timothy, Sir Toby, Bounce, and Bluster.

Mrs. Scrape. Sir Anthony, I have sudden Orders to embark this Tide, and therefore came to wish you Joy, and take my Leave.

Sir Ant.

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Sir Ant. Sir, I humbly thank you, and wish you a good Voyage.

Free. Now I desire the Company to witness, that it is agreed betwixt this Lady and myself, that I am to have the sole Use of her Person for the Consideration of paying her four hundred Pounds a Year, and buying for her a convenient Coach. Is it a Match?

Isab. It is a Bargain.

Sir Toby. Oh damn'd, confounded Jade! wilt thou leave me?

Free. Good Words, Red-Coat.

Mrs. Scrape. No Reflections upon the Cloth, Mr. Keeper.

Gayly. And likewise, bear Witness, that this Lady has made the same Agreement, on the same Conditions.

Sir Nich. I forbid the Banes! there. ———

Char. It is agreed. ——— Go, get you home, and live civilly with your Wife, and look after your Children, as an honest Man shou'd.

Sir Nich. Nay, I may thank you I did not so all along, I may. Where shall I hide my Head for Shame? I'll e'en wear a great Bag to slip over my Face, when I meet any one that knows me. [Exit.

Mrs. Scrape. Come, Serjeant, get the Barge ready.

Scrape. What a Devil shall I do? If I seal that Deed, and ever get my Wife into my Custody, I'll have it agen, and her Life to-boot.

Mrs. Scrape. Gentlemen and Ladies, your humble Servant.

Scrape. Hold! hold! if there be no Remedy, I will Seal.

Mrs. Scrape. Come on then, do't, and I'll release you.

Scrape. I deliver this as my Act and Deed.

[Scrape signs and seals.

Mrs. Scrape. Come, Gentlemen, be pleas'd to witness:

Sir Ant. With all my Heart.

[They witness.

Mrs. Scrape. So, now there remains another Thing; you must release these Gentlemen from the Riot at your House; well, I do release 'em.

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Tim. Good Sir, do not release me, for I shall be starv'd with him. I had rather be kill'd with you.

Mrs. Scrape. No, I retain you as my Servant. And now, Mr. *Scrape*, your much abus'd Wife is free, [*Discovering herself.*] And thanks you for her Liberty.

Scrape. O Devil! is it thee all this while?

Isab. } What! a Woman!
Char. }

Mrs. Scrape. Yes, Ladies, I am; but wish myself a Man for your Sakes and my own.

Sir Ant. How this Mistake was carried!

Mrs. Scrape. I'll bring my Brother to thank you for all Favours to me, and then you'll mistake as much.

Scrape. Am I thus couzen'd? I'll go home, and starve myself to Death. The Devil take you all!

[*Exit Scrape.*]

Sir Toby. Cudgell'd and beaten thus damnably by a Woman! I hope, She-captain, you'll release us now?

Mrs. Scrape. Yes, go; I'll have no Bullies in my Company now.

Bounce. } Were ever Men so dishonour'd as we!
Bluster. }

Sir Toby. As for that Jade, I'll break her Windows every Night in the Year.

Mrs. Scrape. Now, all ye Husbands, let me warn ye! If you'd preserve your Honours of your Lives, Ne'er dare be Tyrants o'er your lawful Wives.

Sir Ant. The Lessons, Sirs, our labour'd Scenes disclose,
Shew first, that Trencher-Friends are real Foes;
That Whores, when pamper'd, are so prone to change,
Their Cully-Keeper, scarce, can think it strange:
That woful Want had follow'd wanton Waste,
Had not this Girl I kept, because the Taste,
This Phoenix! gen'rous prov'd, and sav'd me at the last. }
But hence, let Prodigals ne'er hope that they,
Shall by some Miracle be sav'd, as in our Play.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss JENNY CIBBER.

WELL, Sirs!—they've done—and such is Custom's Force,

*You expect, I doubt, th' modern second Course ;
The merry, motly Medly, so in vogue,
Th' unmeaning, wou'd-be-witty Epilogue ;
That Cup, that Poisons all the former Feast,
Turns Tragedy to Farce, and Wit to Jest.
But such an Epilogue, let who will make it,
Thank Heav'n! I yet want Confidence to speak it.
Meer Ribbald Pertness, and licentious Prate,
T' abuse the Fair, and scandalize the Great ;
The Jest obscene, ill-couch'd, and rudely strong.
And doubly shameful, from a female Tongue.*

*Be it our Pride, to please by nobler Means ;
To speak the Force of Shakespear's nervous Scenes ;
Varying at Times, so your Indulgence hold,
Or with the new, or the new-model'd old ;
Your Judgment the Decree of Praise, or Shame,
And your Delight, our End, and utmost Aim.*

*From me, on whom your Favours still have shin'd,
Accept the Tribute of a grateful Mind ;
Conscious, I all the Praises you bestow,
Not to myself, but your Indulgence owe ;
Whose Kindness has o'erlook'd what e'er was wrong,
And cherish'd what was for Reproof too young :
Nature's wild Notes, alone, untun'd or weak,
Are all my Praise ; tho' higher Fame to seek
I have the warmest Heart, and worthiest Cause,
A Father's Happiness, and your Applause.*

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—Adorn'd
With all that Earth or Heav'n could bestow,
To make her amiable: — On she came,
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Gesture Dignity and Love.

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